THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. ARTS. AMUSEMENTS. NEWS.

VOL. X. M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855. TERMS, {$2 00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE. Nº 13.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BELLE OF THE ORIENT:

—OR,—

THE HINDOO MERCHANT'S LEGACY.

A Story of the East and West.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE CITY OF CANTON.

THE learned Chinese physicians—who, from their entire aversion to the dissection of the human body, can know but little of its actual formation, notwithstanding their high character in the art of healing—contend that but two main principles enter into the composition of the natural life, to wit; *yin* and *yang*, which signify darkness and light. Yin is their moisture, and yang is the internal or vital heat of the system; when these two are separated, they claim that pulsation must cease, and life become extinct. Thus, with their medical knowledge narrowed to this point, to which all their theory tends, they undertake to cure every description of disease, no matter what it may chance to be—confident of success in their principles, and acting in accordance with the above simple premises. If the pulses, of which they contend there are as many as there are organs, muscles, nerves, etc., in the body—if any of these are disarranged, sickness is indicated and is sure to follow the demonstration. They claim that there are twelve minor canals, which proceed from and are nourished by six original sources, or passages, in the human frame; and through the action of these, life and strength are maintained. The physician who undertook to effect a cure of poor Rajab's malady, was one of these learned and erudite men, who, in all probability never knew what was his complaint, even—though he meant to aid him, to the best of his abilities.

At Canton, this man's fame was a very notable affair; and, when the party arrived there, it was quickly bruited about that Chang Emmu, the "great medicine man" had brought a nabob home with him from Hindostan, in search of his lost health. It was a long "feather in the doctor's beaver," this fact! The doctor had reached his home, however, and the opportunity was now afforded him to exhibit his skill, and to make his fortune, if he succeeded in his plans.

The city of Canton proved to be a place of rare interest to our little party, and Hargreve was especially pleased with it. The approach to it from Whampoa Reach is a scene long to be remembered; and while both Katrin and the supercargo were delighted with the prospect around them, even old Rajab admitted that it was very picturesque. The long ranges of banyan trees that graced the outsides of the high forts, were very attractive in their appearance; the mountains, cultivated to their very tops; the lofty pagodas, rising up into the air far above all else; the curious bamboo cottages that dotted the landscape; the immense quantity of duck-boats, junks and other curious craft that lined the river's edge, all literally alive with hordes of dusky human beings, of every age; all these things were new to the eyes of the strangers, and they enjoyed the scene right heartily.

Then there were the vegetable boats, with their little portable herb gardens suspended alongside; their fish tanks for preserving alive, or fattening the finny tribes they secured—their long bamboo poultry-cages, and then came the police-boats, with fifteen to twenty oars at each side; and then the *san-pans*, or fresh fruit boats; the greater junks, with the enormous all-seeing-eye painted upon their prows; then the fishing craft, with their aquatic birds which are trained to take the unwary fishes from the stream; the big war junks, gaily painted, with their series of cabins, one over the other, high up across the poop; and finally, as they reached the shore, the grand chaos of homely junks and punts, crossing and twisting and crowding upon each other, from every possible direction, served to make up a scene such as once seen can never be forgotten, and which only exists upon the Canton River.

The dense population of China is well known. But the most closely packed body of living, breathing humanity, on the globe, is found within the confines of the city of Canton. The motley crowd that amuses the eye of the European in this tour, is comprised of natives of all trades, mechanics, artisans, food-venders, poultry sellers, pedlers, merchants, mandarins, boatmen, women and children; jugglers, thugs, thieves and sharpers; all mixed up in one dense moving multitude. While the ear is saluted, there, upon all sides, with gong *music*, horns, gabbling, screaming, yelling, bustling and every conceivable clamor, from the tongues and voices of a million of dirty swarthy barbarians! Such was the throng our travellers met, on their entrance into Canton.

After being bustled ashore, sedan-chairs were procured for the party, who were slowly borne along the narrow and crowded margin of the city, to the residence of a friendly *hong* or merchant, whom Chang Emmu had induced, for liberal pay, to entertain his patient and suite. The street upon which they found themselves located, was narrow and filthy, but it was the best to be had, and of necessity, outside the city walls, at that; no foreigners being permitted to locate within those bounds.

The location selected, though agreeably enough to the doctor, was terrible in the estimation of old Rajab. He had left Calcutta, because the dampness of the climate had injured him evidently! Here he was now surrounded, enveloped, with a hazy, malarious atmosphere, heightened in its offensiveness by the stench from the low grounds about him, which were washed and befouled by the drains and waste-water from the town proper!

He contrived, through the united efforts of Chang Emmu, and his own veekel, who backed their application with a goodly show of genuine soucie-silver, at last, to secure a habitable dwelling house, a mile farther up the river, but still, though he "changed the place, he kept the pain."

In vain did the medical man, whose fame rung through the region of Canton and Hong Kong, apply his nostrums and administer his "magic" concoctions. Old Rajab failed, clearly and indisputably; and there were none to help him, none to save him, even in that wonderful land. Everything that money could obtain, and silver will bring almost anything, in China, except health, to the purchaser! everything was obtained for the wealthy Rajab. His daughter clung to him, and did her duty, to the very last degree. But Rajab did not improve in his bodily health.

In the meantime, young Hargreve was busy with the affairs of the Sea Gull. Through the management of the hong whom Rajab had introduced to him, soon after their arrival at Canton, he disposed of his opium at a round figure. His other commodities found a ready sale, in exchange for costly shawls, silks, ivory, teas, sandal-wood, tortoise-shell, etc., with which he freighted the Sea Gull once more, for the return voyage to Calcutta and England.

He managed the vessel's affairs with well-judged commercial skill, so that he saw the prospect of an enormous profit accruing upon the venture they had made. His own interest in the cargo amounted, it will be remembered, to some eleven thousand pounds sterling, the funds for which had been shipped by Mr. Maitland, at Southampton. At the invoice rates, after allowing for current and prospective expenses of voyage, interest and incidentals, his share of the return cargo would yield him nearly three times this sum. And this would be but his first year's work! With ordinary success in disposing of his goods, at home, this sum would be largely increased in his favor. Besides this, Hargreve had realized over twenty-five thousand taels in value, about six thousand pounds sterling profit, upon his outward share of the voyage. And he had now been absent from home less than nine months. He saw his way clear to save his father from bankruptcy, already, and joy filled his heart at this grateful prospect.

In the midst of his business, he found leisure to visit Rajab and his daughter, often, and he was pained to observe the change that occurred, from day to day, in the old man's appearance. Some of the soodras he brought with him from Calcutta had run away, and the others were continually quarrelling with the coolies of the neighborhood; so that what with his malady, his fractious servants, his enormous expenses in Canton, and the miserable prospect before him in regard to the hoped-for recovery of his health, he was fain to declare himself heartily sick of the experiment, and to urge the early departure of Hargreve from that odious place.

"My father tires of Canton," said Katrin to the lieutenant, one day. "Will you not soon return to the west?"

"Almost directly, dear Katrin," said Hargreve.

"Will you tarry at our own home?"

"But a few days, Katrin."

"And then?"

'For England, my native land, again."

"When will you return?"

"Whither, Katrin?"

"To the Hindoo land?"

"I cannot say. Perhaps I shall never be able to visit these shores, again."

"*What!*" exclaimed Katrin; "never, *never?*"

"Haply not, Katrin."

"Then you will not *go!*" said the girl, quickly and sharply. There was a singularly spirited tone in this remark, that astonished Hargreve, exceedingly. The dark eye of the houri shone with unexampled splendor, and as she gazed into his face, he felt strangely affected by the spell, or whatever it was.

"Do you not see," she continued, "that my father is dying?"

"I hope it is not so bad as that, Katrin," responded George, kindly.

"Yet it is so, Hargreve. Katrin will one day be alone in the great world. Will you go to your home in the west, and not return hither?"

"I will return, if Katrin wills it, surely," said Hargreve.

"*You will not go,*" said the Hindoo girl, emphatically, once more. "My father's bungalow is empty at home. He would return to it, alive, if he can. When shall we depart from this vile place?"

"Within three weeks, Katrin."

"Do not permit another moon to wane over our heads in this country, Hargreve," continued Katrin, earnestly. "Poor Sedd Rajab is very ill!"

"I have not been an idle observer of the state of his health here, Katrin; and I will expedite the departure of the barque, forthwith," said the lieutenant, in reply.

There was a good deal yet to be done before the vessel could be got away again, however. Her outward cargo had been disposed of, but her home freight was yet to be shipped. Everything was urged forward with despatch, however, and in the meantime, Hargreve employed what leisure he could command between sight-seeing and his Calcutta friends. Once or twice, Katrin condescended to accompany the supercargo abroad, but only for a few hours at a time.

Old Rajab was very nervous and watchful, evidently.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FEAST OF THE LANTERNS.

AT the beginning of the new year in France, a grand universal sort of *fete* is observed throughout that country, which will be recollected by those who have chanced to be there in the season, and which is designated the "*Fete de Bon bons.*" At the commencement of each new year in China, a similar demonstration or entertainment takes place among the celestials, which is known as the *Feast of Lanterns.*

In the street appropriated to the stores of the lantern-sellers of Canton, are to be found the most gorgeous and attractive exhibitions of all the trades known in China, ordinarily. Here may be seen every variety of this favorite Chinese bauble, of all conceivable colors, shapes, and sizes, from the large and costly four feet pagoda lantern, down to the simple horn or paper ones, at six cents each. Some are showily painted, others are trimmed with gold or silver fringe, others are embroidered richly, and command from fifty to two hundred dollars each. At night it is the custom for the coolies to go before their masters, and carry a lantern of some description, upon the outside of which are emblazoned his name and title. Thus the lantern trade is a very important branch of the local business of Canton.

Upon the occasion of the annual return of the great feast spoken of, this trade reaps its harvest. At this time, it is the habit of the people of all classes to purchase lanterns, as the French do their *bon-bons*, and as the young people of this country do "valentines," for universal distribution among their families and friends; and, as every one joins in this performance, from the poorest coolie to the most wealthy mandarin, the consequence is, there being so great a people to supply, that an immense quantity of lanterns are demanded for these occasions.

These presents are formed of all shapes, such as of birds, beasts, fishes, etc., and are really unique and pretty affairs in their way. At night they find their way into the streets, and being all illuminated, the effect is not only curious, but really forms a magnificent show. The streets are soon thronged with the moving mass, each person supporting his lighted lanterns in front of his shop or dwelling, where the crowds congregate. The general effect is very fine, as may be supposed.

On the evening of this feast, Hargreve was present at the residence of Rajab, where a few stray *hongs* and English residents convened to pass a pleasant hour together, after enjoying the scene out of doors. Katrin did the honors of her father's house with becoming grace, when on a sudden, old Rajab was astounded at the proposal of one of his wealthy guests to *purchase* his daughter! Not appreciating this sort of thing exactly, and being unaware of the custom in China which prevails as to buying and selling pretty women, the Hindoo took umbrage, and felt himself deeply aggrieved. An explanation followed, which proved satisfactory, however; Hargreve remarking that when the young lady was fairly "in the market," *he* would bid higher for her than any of the pig-tailed gentry of the Chinese empire! Mr. Joss looked at the young barbarian, askance, and then turned to the lady again—as if still determined upon a fair examination of her charms. When he came to see her feet, so gross in comparison to the Chinaman's beau ideal of womanly perfection, he turned away content! *He* had been taught to believe that if a lady's feet were large enough to permit her to walk upon them, she would not answer his purpose. And so Katrin escaped!

Among the annoyances experienced by the invalid while residing at his new house, were the continual visits of the beggars of the town, who flocked around him, craving alms, and finally stealing whatever they could lay hands upon. There was no help for this, either. An appeal to the acquaintances he had made there, was received only with derision! And he was compelled to submit to these troubles, as long as he remained in the place.

He felt that he had brought his malady to a precious poor market to be disposed of! At home, he had contracted his bodily trouble from the unevenness of the climate of Calcutta and vicinity. He found—from irksome experience—that there were worse places in the East than India; and, once safely back again, he promised himself that he would remain where he was, and if he must die, he would at least have the satisfaction of departing among his kindred, and surrounded by those who were not so bad as he found the famed "celestials."

Hargreve finally informed Rajab that the barque was nearly ready to return again. He offered the old Hindoo his sympathy for the mistake he had made in confiding in the wandering Chinese doctor, and hoped that, at least, he had and would enjoy some share of benefit from his sea-voyage, and the change of scene he had experienced. To all this, the old man shook his head, and muttered "no good, no good! Shinaman, Englis-man, Frenchman all alike! No good—no good!" This was not over-flattering to the lieutenant's ambition, but he did not oppose the father of Katrin in anything that he advanced.

Everything being finally in readiness, a few days after this conversation, the Hindoo got on board, the anchor was tripped, the wind blew gently from the north, and the Sea Gull cleared from Canton, for Calcutta and Liverpool, with Rajab, his daughter, Mez Hobad the veekel and but three soodras; all the rest having been enticed away by the coolies of the town.

The barque was heavily freighted with one of the best selected cargoes that ever went out of the port of Canton. The Hindoo merchant was not able to be about the vessel much, and he was watched and tended, from time to time, by Hobad, his daughter and young Hargreve.

He noticed the attentions of the latter but very little, however. Perhaps it was from his natural dislike to Englishmen, or it might have been because he was so sick. Hargreve did not inquire, nor did he pretend to observe that his care of the old man, for many long hours during the return voyage, was not appreciated by him.

"He will know me better, one of these days," said George, to himself. "He may live to think more kindly of us 'outside barbarians,' by-and-by."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THUG OF DOABE.

IN the old departments of Bohpaul, Doabe and Bundlekund, as also in some other states of Hindostan, and among the dependencies of the British government in India, there exists a sort of secret club or gang of miserable beings, known as *Thugs.* This order has been well known in the East for centuries, and their diabolical pursuits are the terror of the regions which they infest. Even at this day, the efforts of the English colonial government are entirely powerless for the suppression of these wretches, who are too cunning to be trapped, too well versed in crime and cheatery to place themselves often within the reach of their enemies, and too powerful, as a body, to be destroyed by all the military force in her majesty's Indo-British possessions.

So successful has this race of demons been in their brutal and lawless occupation, and such is the *charm* that seems to attach to the name of this order in Hindostan, that, among the older Portuguese and French residents of the country, as well as among English subjects, who have fled from their own lands under the ban of governmental displeasure, and who have not succeeded in the East by pursuing any honest calling, there is found, now and then, an adventurous rascal, who assumes the name and the profession of a *thug*, and who preys upon the people whenever and wherever he can make his trade profitable.

With the original race of Thugs, the commission of crimes—such as murder, robbery, arson, and the like, forms a part of their heathen religion! They commit these acts as a sort of sacrifice to their wooden deities; and, among them all, whether they pretend to this or not, murders and robberies are not looked upon at all as criminal acts. With their imitators—the spurious thugs—the case is different; many of them assuming the name, only, and confining their operations to thieving, robbing, and ordinary plundering; but eschewing murder, except in self-defence, in their conflicts.

This latter class occasionally disguise themselves as jugglers, mendicants, or faquirs, and enter the cities, where they are pretty certain to carry away booty sufficient to reward them for the undertaking, in some shape or another. They thus impose upon the weak or unwary, and profit, often, largely by this sort of speculation.

There came into the city of Calcutta, one evening, from the interior, a poorly dressed man, who jabbered in a gibberish that nobody could understand, and who sought for alms. He made those with whom he communicated comprehend that he was very poor and needed aid. So common was beggary among the people there, that little notice was taken of him, and he wandered about from place to place, apparently in a suffering condition. This man had concealed about his dress, however, the value of near a hundred gold Bombay rupees, and he was in reality a spurious thug, who came to town for plunder, or to search for a future opportunity to carry out such designs as he might hatch up during his stay among the nabobs. The wife of Sedd Rajab was living alone, at his bungalow, with only a few soodra attendants, and Zem Judder, as he called himself, found his way to this house, where he craved charity.

Zem amused the servants with many of his tricks in sleight of hand, at which he was very dexterous, and when he had gone, a small silver tankard and the lady's watch had disappeared! Search was instituted, but neither Zem, nor tankard, nor watch, could be found in all Calcutta! Zem had succeeded so easily that he changed his costume, disguised himself as a soodra, and came again, some time afterwards, to try his luck once more.

Meanwhile, the Sea Gull had had a pleasant voyage from Canton, and now made the harbor of Calcutta, again, with her passengers safe, though the invalid was not so sound as when he left home a few months previously. Rajab had certainly changed for the worse, and his old friends saw that he was fast going out. But he was far more cheerful on reaching Calcutta, than he was abroad. He was much better contented, and though he now turned his entire attention (under medical advice) to the attempted eradication of his serious trouble, still he got but little actual relief. Shortly after his return, the mendicant in his soodra disguise again visited the old merchant's bungalow.

This time he spoke in the Hindoo tongue, with a broken accent, but it was evident he had been long a resident of that country, from his manners and knowledge of the language. He asked for employment, and he was turned over to Rajab himself.

"What can you do?" asked the merchant, addressing him in his own dialect.

"Anything, all things, master," said Zem, quickly.

"And what, first?"

"You are sick. I came from beyond Delhi, where the sacred waters of the Ganges first bubble from mother earth. I bear with me a charm for invalids. I can cure your malady."

"How knew you of my illness?"

"Are you not ill?"

"I question *you*. Answer, first."

"Then it matters nothing. Bhudud told me."

"And who is Bhudud ?"

"Bhudud! Not know Bhudud, the healer? Monstrous—Sedd Rajab! I do not wonder in that you are ill," said the disguised thug, with well feigned astonishment.

"Then, if Bhudud informed you of my sickness, did he tell you what is my malady ?"

"Yes."

"Name it."

"For how many rupees, good master ?" said Zem.

"Count them yourself."

"Say an hundred, then," continued Zem.

"Tell me of my complaint, and you shall double that down in gold," replied Rajab.

The deceiver looked at Rajab's palm, then peered into his eye, then placed his ear to the merchant's heart, and finally bade him thrust out his tongue. To all of which the superstitious Hindoo quietly and patiently submitted.

The thug then took a piece of goat-skin from his vestment, called for a lamp, placed it in the flame, and carefully collected its crispy ashes. Over this, he mumbled some stupid and unintelligible incantations, and replied:

"Bhudud answers."

"What says Bhudud ?"

"Bhudud says it is cancer in the stomach."

Rajab had suspected this, and had mentioned it in his household, some days previously.

"Can Bhudud destroy it ?" asked Rajab, in utter amazement at this demonstration.

"No. But his servant can."

Poor Rajab was convinced! He had feared that this was his trouble, and now that Bhudud declared it to be so, through his representative before him, he no longer doubted for a moment. Such was his superstition and his ignorance!

He paid down the two hundred rupees, instanter, and gladly put himself into the hands of this wonder-working man. The impudent thug pocketed the generous fee, and went away nominally to provide medicines for his patient—but really to concoct some new plan to rob the nabob, further. The next day, a valuable diamond broach, of great beauty, was missing. The pin had found its way into the "strong box" of the itinerant medicine-man; who returned again with his boluses and his decoctions, to destroy the cancer he had so accurately described.

For three days, he came and went, no shadow of suspicion resting upon him or his vaunted skill; until one evening he entered, and found young Hargreve—an Englishman—present.

Their eyes met, the thug started, but Hargreve had never seen him before, and did not understand the sensation that was so suddenly caused, apparently, by the glance he gave him.

But Zem Judder soon after departed from the bungalow of Rajab, promising to return on the following day, at the same hour.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

The bigotry of Sedd Rajab was only equalled by his superstitious notions upon subjects of mystery, and upon his heathen religion. He now honestly believed that the rascal who had him in hand, was sent by the good spirit Bhudud, to save him! And he was a rich pigeon for the spurious thug to pluck. Rajab had never permitted young Hargreve to approach him familiarly enough to allow the Englishman to have any influence with him, and consequently, though the lieutenant was as suspicious of the power of this man, as he had been of the other doctor, he could not advise with Rajab on the folly of employing him an hour. Besides this, the old Hindoo had now got to be so sick, that he had become alarmed—and he suffered no opportunity to pass by him, whereby he could hope for obtaining relief from his trouble.

The supercargo was on his way to the river, to go on board his vessel late in the evening, and, wrapt in deep thought, he turned into a by-street to shorten his way to the boat that awaited him, when he suddenly fell forward into a cavity that had been left open in the street, and plunged downward, some six or seven feet deep, upon a pile of stones and timber. His fall was heavy, and he was temporarily stunned; but he soon came to himself, and cried aloud for assistance, for he found himself in great pain, and was unable to rise at all.

He was taken out of the trap that had so carelessly been neglected, and upon getting him where he could be seen, it was found that his left leg was badly broken below the knee, and he was otherwise sadly bruised, in the head and shoulders.

The scene was an awful one to Hargreve, for he was suffering the most dreadful pains, and he could not possibly be taken on board the barque, in his present situation, where there was no surgeon to set the limb, or physician to care for him. He mentioned the name of Rajab, and it was determined to remove him to the Hindoo's house, at once, where medical aid could be had, at any rate. Half an hour after he had left the old man, the litter upon which he lay, utterly helpless, was borne into Rajab's bungalow by the men who rescued him.

The astonishment of the Hindoo merchant was great, and his mutterings direful, when he was informed of the circumstances that had thus thrust the Englishman under his roof; but there was no help for it. Various and sundry considerations prevented him from objecting to his remaining there—and he thought, naturally, of the boy's kindness to himself, he remembered old Maitland, who had introduced Hargreve to him, he recollected the intercourse that had so lately passed between them, and common humanity suggested that he should look after the wounded man, at least, for the present. He therefore hastily directed one of his soodras to call in the nearest surgeon, who was quickly on the spot to adjust the broken limb. It proved to be a compound fracture, of a bad character, and the most excruciating agony followed the setting of it. But Hargreve was all nerve and stamina, and he complained but little at the unfortunate accident, for which there was no present remedy save patience and submission.

When Katrin came into the room, a few moments afterwards, and learned that a foreigner had been found injured in the street, and was brought within her father's doors, she rushed to the side of the litter where he lay, evidently in deep affright. When she saw the face and form of George Hargreve stretched on the pallet, her wildness was altogether alarming! And it astonished the patient quite as much as it did any one else—for this was the very first demonstration *he* had ever had on her part, that she entertained any interest in him, save what common respect and civility would have suggested.

"Does he live—does he *live?*" she shouted, in her native tongue, which Hargreve did not comprehend, of course, and the surgeon pacified her directly, by informing her that he was not seriously hurt. The lieutenant did not know what was said, or he might have replied, that, if the learned Hindoo was at that moment suffering from a similar accident, perhaps his opinion would be different, as to its seriousness! But Katrin was not satisfied. She bent down over the litter, and with eyes filled with tears, she asked Hargreve in English:

"What is it—what has happened ?"

An explanation followed, and the surgeon proceeded to his duty. This event was a peculiarly unfortunate one to the supercargo, for he would have been on his way to England, in a week or ten days, but for this sad and unlooked-for accident. As it was, he could not now be moved, at all, for the present. He dared not think of being taken on board the barque—which must very soon sail for Liverpool, under any circumstances—for the motion of the vessel was an insuperable objection to the healing of his broken limb, and he could not be attended there, as his case really required. He was in a sad state of mind, indeed, when he reflected that his bright and buoyant hopes had thus been so suddenly and cruelly dashed to the earth! Still there was no possible way but to submit, and his case required, too, that he should preserve the utmost quiet.

As he happened to be possessed of ample means, he felt no lack of medical and other attendants. Apartments were finally set aside for his convenience, in Rajab's house, and he enjoyed all the comforts that could be expected, under the critical and painful circumstances of his case.

The officers of the Sea Gull had been up to consult with Hargreve, two or three times, in reference to what ought to be done, and to learn his pleasure regarding the sailing of the vessel. He was at first too ill to confer with them; but he finally saw that the interests of all concerned required that the barque should sail for home—whether he could join her or not. To a proposition which the patient made his surgeon, that he should be removed to the vessel, an unconditional negative was instantly interposed. The surgeon and the medical man both declared that it would be suicidal. And he reluctantly gave his consent—his advice at length—that the Sea Gull should sail without him; while he calculated that, in a few weeks at farthest, he would be able to join some other homeward-bound ship, which he should do as early as practicable. The Sea Gull sailed for England, therefore, and left poor Hargreve on his back, surrounded by half-a-dozen copper-colored inhabitants of Calcutta.

At every possible opportunity, without reference to time or circumstances, day or night, the beautiful Katrin flitted about the weary pillow of the sufferer. Her father saw much of this, and would have rebuked her—had he dared to do so. But he knew the spirit of his daughter, all too well for this! She would not brook it—and he was aware of this. She said but little to Hargreve, for his physician would not permit his patient to converse much. But Katrin was there—there by day, and by night—almost constantly in and out, as if her presence with the sufferer might aid in his recovery.

"The Englishman is very ill, dear father," said Katrin to her parent, a fortnight after the accident.

"Yes, daughter, has he not sinned ?"

"It may be, father."

"Sheva has been irritated by him."

"But Vishnu will preserve him."

"Does my Katrin pray for the barbarian ?" exclaimed the old Hindoo, with emphasis.

"Katrin weeps for the afflicted, and prays that Vishnu may protect the stranger, father."

"Go, my daughter—go! Do not defile thy tender heart with thoughts that Vishnu will not accept. Think of thy race! Remember the requirements of our sacred order. I would always see thee happy, my Katrin. Peril not thy peace by any undue sympathy for those who can never be aught to thee and thine, but strangers! Go!"

It was barely possible that the beauteous Katrin might entertain other sentiments that would eventually prove paramount to these suggestions. But old Rajab had set his face against the "white-faced barbarians," and he was too old to relent. Katrin retired in respectful silence.

The wound that Hargreve had received was a tediously painful one, and his recovery was not only doubtful, in that climate, but it was rather improbable, in the opinion of those who surrounded him. Yet his constitution was naturally hardy, and he felt that he should rally again, as soon as sufficient time should have elapsed to allow his limb to heal. It was an exceedingly slow process, however, and he was destined to a serious and fearful delay in his recovery.

The attentions of Katrin were in no wise relaxed, and at length her father proposed that his friend, the "representative of Bhudud," should prescribe for the Englishman! Although Hargreve entertained not the slightest faith in that evident impostor, yet he was willing to gratify old Rajab, and he consented to confer with him.

When this worthy came to pour his "magic oil" upon the contusions that still marked the lieutenant's neck and shoulders—he suddenly became deeply interested at beholding a peculiar scar near the top of his right collar-bone! He halted in his labors—examined this spot, curiously—peered in the sufferer's face—and then desired the attendants to leave the apartment. He thought he had seen that mark before—and he resolved to know who the patient was!

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE DEVELOPMENT.

When the representative of the "healing Bhudud" found himself alone with George Hargreve, he suddenly knelt down by his side, and in a low whisper said to the invalid, in very excellent English:

"Tell me, young man, from whence do you come ?"

The lieutenant was startled at the sudden transition of the mumbling, muttering Hindoo (as he supposed him to be), into one of his own countrymen, apparently—for there was no restraint in his speech, and his tone, his voice, his actions, now, all showed the Englishman, to the life.

"Don't be alarmed, young man," he continued, "but tell me, in one word, who you are, and how came you to be here ?"

"What means all this ?" inquired Hargreve, astonished, without offering the man any reply to his questions. "How is it that you are thus native and foreigner in the same breath ?"

"I know," said the man, still whispering what he said, "I expected you would be curious. I will explain myself to you; but first tell me, who you are, and from whence you find your way hither? I can be of service to you, if you will trust me. You *must*, young man!"

There was a singularly imperative tone in this remark, which—under other circumstances—Hargreve would have quickly resented. But, as it was, he felt not displeased to hear his native language pronounced, and he began to think at once, that some good might come out of this discovery. So, after a moment, he said:

"My name is Hargreve."

"Hargreve ?" repeated the other—"Hargreve ?"

"George Hargreve."

"And you came from—"

"Southampton, England."

"Did you ever know one Marlock, there ?"

The lieutenant reflected, but could remember no such person.

"Did you never hear of Thomas Marlock, of Newbury ?"

"No, not to my knowledge."

"Do you know of one Heath—a Scotchman, who dwelt in the region of the Isle of Wight, many years ago ?"

"Heath ?" exclaimed Hargreve, quickly, "do you mean Barney Heath, as he was called, a sailor ?"

"Yes, yes; the same, I presume."

"Yes. I have heard of *him*, as a smuggler, and a bad man," said Hargreve, modestly.

"He was not so bad as circumstances made him seem, sir. Heath was a bold and sturdy fellow, and I thought you would be likely to have heard of him, if you hail from Southampton."

The man halted—then continued:

"You didn't know him much, then ?"

"No, not much. He is now dead," said Hargreve.

"Barney *dead?* Poor fellow! Where did he die? And when, sir ?"

"Less than a year since, he was detected by the government cutter on the southern station, while he was running some contraband goods ashore, and was wounded in the affray which followed his discovery and arrest."

"Was he taken ?"

"Yes, and his vessel was confiscated."

"Who commanded the cutter ?"

"Lieutenant George Hargreve, of Southampton," said the young man, instantly.

"*You!*" exclaimed the impostor, astounded.

The brief account which had thus been given him, intensely interested the disguised stranger, evidently; and he was desirous to know more of his native country—which he had not seen for many a long, long day.

"Did you never hear of a clothes-dealer in your neighborhood, by the name of Glessin? Henry Glessin ?" inquired the stranger, after a moment's thought.

Hargreve thought the name sounded like one he *had* heard at some time or other. But his recollection was indistinct in regard to it. The pretended medical man turned down the dress of his patient, examined his arm again, and said:

"Hargreve, do you recollect how you received this scar ?"

"It was caused by the knife of your *friend*, Barney Heath, when I closed with him," said Hargreve, sharply.

"I do not mean that," said the other. "This, *this*," and he placed his finger upon the old mark that Heath had spoken of, and by which that worthy had recognized the son of Sophia Glessin. The lieutenant could not answer his question—and said he did not know what had caused it.

"But I can tell you, then," remarked the man. "I know! I have seen that shoulder before."

"*You*—where ?"

"At home, young man!"

"Then you are an Englishman, by birth ?"

"Yes. My history is a painful one, and cannot now be given you—but you shall know it—by all means, soon, *soon*, George Hargreve. The scar you bear upon your arm, your *father* gave you, when you was but a child. It was an accident, he did not mean you harm."

"My father!" exclaimed George, amazed—"you must be at sea, my friend, now. How did this come about, since you seem to know what I do not know at all."

"You could scarcely remember it. You was but a little past two years old. Your father came home one night, flushed with wine, and dispirited from the embarrassments under which he was then laboring, in his trade; when he found a bailiff awaiting his coming. The officer attempted to arrest him, when he drew a knife in his defence, declaring he would not be taken, like a felon to prison, for an unavoidable debt he had contracted. The officer advanced towards him, your mother, who was at that moment holding you in her arms, sprang forward at seeing his uplifted hand clutching a knife, and as the two men closed, his hand fell and *you* received the wound intended for his assailant!"

"This is very ridiculous," said Hargreve, when the man stopped again; "a mere romance certainly. My father is a mild and inoffensive man, and could not, I am sure, have been placed in any circumstances, by pecuniary distress, that would have spurred him to such a desperate point as this. You must be in error—"

"I am certain of it—certain, young man."

"Then I insist that you are misinformed."

"That cannot be," said the stranger.

"And why not, pray ?"

"Because I was present when you received that cut, as truly as I now relate it to you!" replied the man, instantly.

"How could that be ?"

"It *was* so, I say. You shall know more of this on the morrow. Thank the good God that I have so mysteriously met you! Remember that no hint passes your lips, that you know aught of me, save what I *seem* to be to this household, for your life, George Hargreve, and for mine! I will satisfy you that you should be silent—silent as death itself—in reference to me in this place! Will you promise ?"

The lieutenant bowed, nervously.

"To-morrow, I will see you again; and will again prescribe for you. They are coming now; silence and ignorance of me or mine, remember!"

The door opened, and Katrin entered. The stranger was just then covering up his *patient's* shoulders. Leaving a small horn of liquid, which he desired to have the contusions washed with, he pressed the hand of George Hargreve, significantly, and departed from the bungalow, in silence.

This singular and altogether unanticipated scene left the supercargo something to think about. He could not believe the statement possible, that he had just now heard, and yet there were parts of it that corresponded with his own knowledge of home affairs. The man was evidently one of his countrymen—and he pondered curiously upon the account he had given him, while he said not a word about any discoveries he had made, for the present.

CHAPTER XVI.

HENRY GLESSIN.

At an early hour on the next day, much earlier than he had been in the habit of calling at Rajab's house, the medicine man made his appearance, to consult with his wealthy patient, and more particularly to confer with young Hargreve. The impostor had passed a night of pain and remorse that none knew the cause of, but himself—but his cup of bitterness was now full to the very brim! As soon as he found it convenient to be alone with Hargreve, he thus addressed him:

"Young man, you listened to what I said to you on yesterday, and you doubted my assertions. You are at a loss to understand the seeming mystery that surrounds my statement, but it is because you do not know your own history. I will enlighten you. But you must be patient, George, and silent. These walls are thin, and if you exhibit astonishment at the words I now shall utter, bear in mind that discovery, or suspicion, by these people here, would be fatal to you and to me. Will you be silent, and listen to me, like a man ?"

"I cannot comprehend the marvellous manner that you have assumed towards me, and I cannot say what effect your secret, or whatever it may prove to be, will have upon me. Go on, then, I will attend to your words, since you are my countryman," said Hargreve, slowly.

"You are now two-and-twenty years old, George," said the stranger. "About a score of years since, there dwelt in the town of Colchester, in the south of England, a man whom fortune never favored much, but who was of a wayward disposition, and not over-scrupulous in the means he adopted to sustain himself in his calling. He was a clothier, by trade, and his business brought him into contact with the sharpers and Jews of that town, who constantly over-reached him in traffic, and finally, by usury and imposition, amid his need, filched from him his last shilling, and left him to the tender mercies of the minions of the law.

"He had acquired habits of dissipation, unfortunately, at that time, of which he afterwards bitterly repented, and he got to be morose and troublesome in his little household. His wife suffered from his abuse and neglect, and died at last, away from her former friends and relatives, from the protection of whom she had fled with this man, some five years previously. She left a child, nearly three years old, to the care of its remaining parent, who was in no condition properly to provide for or to protect the innocent little one The death of his wife might have been supposed to have caused that reckless man to stop in his wild career, and reflect upon his future, and that of his child! But he soon became worse off than ever, and his little one was neglected, and finally left to the charity of the neighborhood, while the father passed his time in the company of the dissolute gamblers and tipplers of the vicinity.

"A friendly man residing at Newbury, by the name of Marlock, took the infant away at last, and promised to care for it. The father went from bad to worse, and finally fled from his native land, to return to it no more. What subsequently became of the child, the parent did not know. He wandered over the earth for five long weary, toilsome years, and eventually shipped on board an Indiaman bound to the East. He was no sailor, and proved a burthen on board the ship. When the outward bound vessel touched at the Island of Ceylon, some four months afterwards, he was left there, by some mistake or intent, and he found himself among foreigners, alone and almost penniless. At length he came to this vicinity; and, after a while, made himself acquainted with the manners and habits of the most depraved of the Hindoo tribes, from association with whom he managed to acquire a knowledge of their tricks, their language, their rites and their ways in imposition. He was cunning and shrewd, and proved a worthy imitator of their arts in jugglery and deception; and he is now the equal of the worst of his class, at ready imposture and deceit."

"And this man—" said Hargreve.

"Is he who now addresses you!" replied the stranger.

"Your name ?" demanded George.

"My name is Judder, *here*, young man."

"And, originally ?"

"It was Henry Glessin—'sh! Do not start, but maintain your silence, while I complete the few words more I have to add, in this connection."

The invalid was deeply agitated, but the impostor continued, in a whisper, still, to explain himself.

"This man I have told you of, was the dissolute clothier of Colchester. Your name is George—but your name is *not* Hargreve. This cognomen has been given you since you were taken in charge by some person to whose hands Henry Marlock entrusted you, evidently. You may doubt me, fear me, curse me—if you will—but I declare to you that I cannot be mistaken. The scar is here—here! The remembrance of that scene, which so nearly proved fatal to the babe, can never be effaced from my recollection. In your eyes, I see Sophia's eyes—in your frown and smile, I now detect the lineaments that stamped her comely face. Again I conjure you to be calm and silent. I *command* it, George. For your safety and for mine. The acknowledgement murders my heart, the sensations of this moment, I cannot survive! Look in my face, believe what I now speak to you, and prove my words, if you ever see England again. Remain as you are in name. Be George Hargreve still, for your father's name was a reproach, and is now forgotten. We shall, from this hour, meet as strangers. Your secret may forever be locked in your own breast; but, as truly as you now behold this face, as surely as you now feel the grasp of this hand, so surely am *I* Henry Glessin, so truly *your own father!*"

Young Hargreve would have sprang from his pillow, regardless of his shattered limb and forgetful of his pains and jeopardy, as these fearful words were uttered in his ear, but the strong man pressed his hand upon the boy's chest and held him down.

"Peace, boy!" he said, "peace! for your life, I say! Will it avail you aught to expose yourself, and me, in this house? Silence, I repeat, and reflect an instant upon the result of any demonstration, here. 'sh! I hear approaching footsteps. Preserve your secret, be a man, live to do honor to your foster-parents, if they live to meet you, hereafter, and forget that you are otherwise than the George Hargreve you are believed to be. They come, for the present, no more—silence! *Adieu!*"

Five minutes after this sentence had been uttered, the medical man departed. On the same evening, the missing ring and watch and diamond broach found their way, in a package together, to Rajab's bungalow; but no one knew who brought the parcel. The soodra who left it, departed without a syllable of explanation, and it was never known where the jewels had been, or by whom they were returned.

The doctor came and went during Rajab's continued illness, and occasionally his patient would experience more or less relief. He did not seek to confer with the crippled supercargo, however, and saw him again but once or twice, and then only in the presence of others. He seemed stultified, or dogged in his manners, and disinclined to converse, though he had, for once, stated truth! He *was*, without question, the wilful, miserable, heartless parent who had deserted his wife and child, twenty years previously, and who had been a lonely and unnoticed cumberer of the earth, for so weary and unrewarded a period! When he thus suddenly found his son, whom he recognized (beyond a doubt in his own mind), he felt impelled to acknowledge himself; and the terrible re-action on his mind tempted him to consummate what he had in his hardihood never feared, but had often contemplated—his own destruction!

George Hargreve lost sight of him, and did not know what was his fate, for a time. He did not yet place implicit confidence in all his assertions, though there was much of probability in his statements. He resolved to keep quiet, and did not expect to meet this man often, after what passed between them! He deemed it prudent to preserve the affair a secret, and the subject was never broached to or by him, from the moment they finally separated. When he reached England—if he was so fortunate as to be able ever to do so—he would satisfy himself in reference to all this, which might be true, but which he continued still to doubt.

At the time the Sea Gull left Calcutta for England, the supercargo was too ill to write. He enjoined it upon the officers to see his father, (as he supposed Mr. Hargreve to be), and authorized the owners, through the captain of the barque, to settle his affairs with him and Mr. Maitland, on their arrival in Liverpool. He drew upon his owners for a thousand pounds sterling, for his own expenses, and while the Sea Gull made rapid progress homeward, the unfortunate supercargo lay a helpless cripple at the Hindoo's bungalow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SMOKING AND BULL-FIGHTING.

Fra Rocci, the celebrated Dominican preacher, was an inveterate hater of tobacco smoke. One day preaching to a squad of Spanish sailors, who indulged very liberally their propensity for smoking, he broke the thread of his discourse and told them that once on a time a lot of smoking Spaniards, who by some fortuitous circumstances got into heaven, puffed out their nasty smoke so that St. Peter was forced to "hold his nose" to prevent being suffocated. No persuasion or threats of the saint could drive them out, or stop their smoking; but at last a bright thought came into his head. He advertised a bull fight outside the walls, whereat every Spaniard left *instanter* to see the sport. St. Peter instantly shut and bolted the door, and not a Spaniard has been able to gain admittance since.—*Baltimore Sun.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BRUNET ST. DENIS:

—OR,—

TWELVE ROBBERS FOR ONE WIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Bernard Vendel lived in the *Rue Vivienne.* He was a commissary of police in the *Quartier Palais Royale,* of the second arrondissement. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about fifty years of age, bold as a lion, and very quick and shrewd. He had been connected with the police of Paris for many years, and somehow he had managed to scrape together quite a fortune. M. Bernard Vendel, as a commissary, was very much respected—few men in Paris were more so.

The commissary had a daughter, named Louise, and people who knew her said she was one of the prettiest girls in the city. She was only seventeen, small in frame, plump and rosy with health, cheeks dimpled with good nature, and a smile almost continually playing around her lips and sparkling eyes. To M. Vendel, this daughter was the light and joy of his house. And there were other people who set a great deal by her, too; and this latter circumstance sometimes gave the commissary great uneasiness.

At the end of the Rue Vivienne, close by the Bourse, lived a young butcher named Brunet St. Denis. He hired a little store close by the street, and there he used to sell some of the nicest bits of meat to be found in the great city. Brunet had just entered upon his one-and-twentieth year, and this was his first essay at doing business for himself; and he did much better than he had even hoped. The distance to the young butcher's was so short that Louise used often to run up there after meat for dinner, and at length she became so well acquainted with Brunet's good qualities that she used to stop and talk with him a while.

The commissary at length noticed that he had meat now very much oftener than he used to have it, and he asked Louise why she had left off having fish. She told him the butcher's was so much nearer! But he was satisfied.

One day when Louise remained longer to talk with the butcher than she ought to have done, there came up a smart shower and caught her in the young man's shop. How was she to get home? She could take the *favorite.* But that would not be along for half an hour. St. Denis had an umbrella, but it was a large one, and the wind blew. It was now after two o'clock. What should she do? Brunet left the boy in charge of the place, and told Louise to go with him. He did not ask her, or she might have refused. He simply stepped upon the pavement, opened the great umbrella, and bade the pretty girl "come." She obeyed him, and he escorted her home, laughing and chatting on the way.

At length Louise stopped going to the butcher's, and Brunet found himself very much lost at first, and finally he felt very unhappy. He found that he loved the pretty daughter of the commissary. She still bought her meat of him, but she sent the servant for it. Brunet was a bold fellow, especially when he knew he was right, and he determined to go and see Louise; so one evening, after he had closed his stall, he went to M. Vendel's house, and it happened that the commissary was out. The young man asked to see Mademoiselle Vendel, and he was ushered into the front room. When he was left there alone, and while waiting for Louise, he began to wish he had not come. The show of wealth about him made him feel out of his element; and now, too, he began seriously to think of the thing he had undertaken. He just now remembered that Louise had a father—that said father was a man of influence, and a man of wealth. He wished he had not come, for surely he should only make a fool of himself. "Why *should* I have let my foolishness run away with me so?" he uttered to himself. "Why, in the name of reason, didn't I stop to think?"

But before he could fairly make up his mind to run away without being seen, the door opened, and Louise entered. She started upon beholding St. Denis, and the color forsook her cheeks.

"There," whispered the butcher, to himself, "I knew it. See, the very sight of me has frightened her."

"Monsieur," uttered the maiden, "the servant said you wished to see me."

"Ah—yes. I did call for you—ahem. I did come to—to—see you."

"To what do I owe the honor?" she asked, still standing in the middle of the floor.

Poor Brunet was posed now. He called himself all the hard names he could think of, for having allowed himself to get caught in such a foolish trap. But his ingenuous nature came to his assistance. He knew that Louise was a good, true-hearted girl, and that she would not trample upon him when she knew the truth. So he resolved to speak plainly—tell the whole truth—and then ask her to forgive him, and thus honorably quit the field.

"Mademoiselle Vendel," he said, in a low, tremulous tone, but gaining calmness as he went on, "I am going to tell you the whole truth, and I know you will forgive me. You used to come up to my stall and laugh and talk with me, and I was charmed. You were the first maiden I had ever become acquainted with who could reach down into my heart. I became so at length that I was anxious for your coming, and your face at my door was like the sun to the benighted traveller. At length you stopped coming, and I was unhappy. That was three weeks ago. To-night I determined to come and see you, but I didn't realize what a fool I was making of myself till I got here and was ushered into the room. I was blind. I forgot that M. Vendel was the commissary, and that I was only a poor butcher, just trying to lift my head among men. Of course you'll forgive me; and I wont trouble you again."

St. Denis took his hat as he ceased speaking, and moved towards the door. He was calm now, but not so, Louise. She had become very much agitated.

"Monsieur will stop a moment," she uttered, sinking into a chair.

"Certainly."

And Brunet turned.

"Monsieur will take a chair."

Brunet did not say "certainly" this time, but he did take a chair.

After this there was a long silence; but Louise at length broke it:

"Why did you come here?" she asked.

"Have I not told you?"

"No."

Brunet reflected a moment, and he remembered that she was right.

"You will not laugh at me," he said.

"No."

"Then, when I found that you did not come any more to my stall, I knew that I loved you, and I feared that I had given offence in some way; so I determined to come to-night to see you."

"You never offended me, monsieur."

"Then I am very thankful."

"Never," repeated Louise.

"But why did you leave off coming to trade with me?"

"I did not stop trading with you."

"I know; but why did you not come yourself?"

"Because (Louise had grown quite calm now, and a rich color had come to her face) I thought you might have some maiden among your acquaintance whom you were going to make your wife."

"And—and—why should that make any difference?"

"Would you have come here to-night if you had thought I was going to be married to some one else?"

"Surely not," uttered Brunet, with a start. "But you do not mean that—that—my marrying would have made any difference to you?"

"Yes."

"But could you love me?"

"Yes."

"And do love me now?"

"Yes."

St. Denis started to his feet, and then sank back again. He gazed a moment into Louise's sweet face, and then he burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" whispered the maiden.

"Because I cannot help it. I am very happy."

For over an hour the two young lovers sat there and talked, and Louise explained all about how she had loved the youthful butcher, and how, when she had found out the truth, she had feared to trust herself near him any more. All this pleased Brunet very much, and it was not until an hour had passed away that he spoke of the commissary.

"But your father?" he said, in a lower tone, and with some doubt; "what will he say to all this?"

"I don't know," returned Louise, in a dubious tone. "After you get a little further up in business, and have some money laid away, you can speak with him."

"I will."

So that was settled. Upon that point they were both willing to procrastinate.

All Paris was in excitement. I mean all that part that can be thrown into excitement by such a thing. For some time there had been a succession of the most daring burglaries going on, and now the very house of the prefect of police had been entered and robbed of over a million francs which that official had received for paying out to his various *sous-prefets.* For a month the police had been upon the watch, but not the slightest clue could be found to the robbers. It was known that there must be quite a gang of them, and that at times they must be together; the forty-eight commissaries were called together, and the prefect gave them strict charges about having every part of the city under the strictest surveillance. It was after this—on the very next night—that the prefect's own house was robbed. A reward of five thousand francs was offered by the prefect, and the council of the prefecture offered ten thousand more, for the knowledge that would lead to the apprehension of the villains.

A week more passed away, and ten more houses had been entered. It was astonishing. The police did their utmost, but without effect. The robbers selected the dwellings of the richest men, and they had already killed nine persons in their course of depredation. If a man, woman or child stood in their way, death was sure to come.

But during all this trouble, Brunet St. Denis was happy. This very affair which gave concern to so many, made happiness for him, for it kept the commissary away from home most of the time. But this state of things was not to last always. One evening M. Vendel came home in a hurry, and he found the young butcher with his daughter.

At first he bowed very politely, for he thought the youth was some one who had called to see him.

"Have you business with me, monsieur?" the commissary asked.

Brunet blushed and stammered, and having cast his eyes towards Louise, he hung down his head. M. Vendel was not blind. His very business made him directly the opposite.

"Perhaps you have not come to see me?" he said, sarcastically.

"I have wished to see monsieur, certainly," stammered Brunet.

"But you came particularly to see monsieur's daughter, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who are you?"

"Brunet St. Denis."

"Ah—I remember. You got a license to open a butcher's stall. Yes, yes—now I see. And Mademoiselle Louise has bought meat of you. So I have had meat every day. Now may I ask you how far this has gone?"

St. Denis was not the man to cringe nor to lie. He saw that the quick-scented commissary smelt the whole game, and he determined to tell the truth at once.

"I love your fair daughter, sir, and I want her for a wife."

"Then why didn't you ask me?"

"Because I was not ready to support a wife as she should be supported. But I am doing well now; my business is increasing, and I shall—"

"That will do, sir. I thank you for your frankness, for it has saved us both a deal of trouble. You need not trouble yourself to come here again."

"But, monsieur—"

"Never mind, now—I am busy. I want to hear no more, and you may be assured I have no explanation to make. You cannot find a wife here; be assured of that."

M. Vendel then turned to his child, and ordered her to leave the room, and when she was gone he told St. Denis that he, also, was at liberty to retire.

"But if I can become honored—if I can amass wealth. Do not cast me off entirely," urged the youth. "Mine is no idle love—no momentary passion—but it is an affection, deep and abiding, founded upon a knowledge of the girl's virtue and goodness. I will try and be worthy of her, monsieur."

"It's no use," replied the commissary, in a milder tone, but yet with iron firmness. "You cannot have her. I am very busy now."

When Brunet reached the street, he uttered:

"Miserable wretch, you would kill your own child! But I've not done with you yet! By the heavens above me, you shall know what I can do!"

As the youth started to walk on, he felt a hand laid upon his arm, and on turning, he found himself face to face with a tall, stout fellow, whom he had seen pass his stall several times of late, and who had always seemed to look very sharply upon him. And there was another idea flashed upon Brunet's mind. Several times when he had left M. Vendel's house in the evening, he had seen a dusky form move away from the opposite side of the street—and he thought this was the same man.

"Your name is St. Denis, I think?" said the stranger.

"Yes," returned Brunet.

"And you are a butcher?"

"Yes."

"You love the commissary's pretty daughter?"

"Sir!"

"O, I meant no harm. I have seen you go and come when the father was away, and to-night I knew the old man would catch you. He gave you the cold shoulder, didn't he?"

"He did not like my company much, I must confess."

"No—I suppose not. He is a hard old villain, and if I were in your place I would be revenged."

"I will be—I've sworn it!"

Now Brunet did not really mean anything by this further than that he would use every means within his power to become honorably rich; but the stranger took it differently.

"I think you have courage?" he said, after a moment's pause.

"I think no one will deny it who has ever tried me."

Another spell of silence; and at the end thereof, the stranger said:

"You are acquainted with the internal arrangements of the commissary's house, are you not?"

Now another idea came flashing upon Brunet's mind, and it came clearly, too, and quickly. He had seen enough of the man's face before him—or rather by his side, now—to know that he was a polished man of some kind—either a great villain, or a shrewd man. Brunet's thoughts ran somewhat after this fashion:

The commissary has a great sum of money in his house; this man wants to get it; that's why he asked me if I knew the internal arrangements, and that's why he's been hanging around here. He knows I love the daughter, and now he knows that the father has turned me off; he thinks I will do anything for revenge; he thinks I'll help him rob the house. May not this man be one of the gang for whom such rewards have been offered? Perhaps, if I am shrewd, I may find 'em out; give 'em up; get the rewards; be somebody; and—marry Louise! Egad, I'll try.

"I know every nook and corner of it," he said, looking up into his companion's face.

"The commissary has money there, I think?"

"Not over two million francs."

"Ha! has he so much?"

"From one to two million, I am sure."

"If you want revenge, why not take his money?"

"Wouldn't I take it?"

"Will you help?"

"Just try me?"

A few moments more of silence, during which the stranger ponders deeply.

"Look ye, Brunet St. Denis; if you really wish to rob the commissary I can put you in a way to do it; only, of course, you will share with those who help you."

At this moment the speaker took out his handkerchief to wipe his nose, and in doing so he loosened his beard, and Brunet's eyes were quick enough to detect the movement of replacing it. But the youth appeared not to notice it. So there was one point gained—the fellow wore a false beard.

"I should, of course, expect to share with all who helped do the work," answered St. Denis. "But mark me; I am not going to trust myself in the hands of men who will turn traitors. I must know a man to be true before I trust him."

The stranger smiled, and then said: "You need be under no apprehension on that account. In all probability they will be the most anxious to be assured of your faith."

"Let me find the men who can be true," uttered Brunet, slapping his hands together, "and they shall see what I am made of! Let me put a dagger to the commissary's heart—and then the man who dared to inform should have it next!"

The youth spoke vehemently, and the stranger was evidently satisfied that he would be just the man for helping rob the commissary.

"Now look ye," he said, "this work must be done to-morrow night. At ten o'clock you will go to the place where we shall meet. You will cross the Pont Neuf, keep on up the Rue Dauphin until you come to the Jardinet. Then you will enter the Rue Medici, and on the left hand, about half way of the street, you will find number seventy-nine. Can you remember that?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Come, then, and you shall have all the revenge you want. But mind—you will not betray us."

"If I do you will have the hold upon me."

"Very well. Good night."

Now Brunet saw from the man's manner and tone that he was to be watched. Of course he knew that such a band of villains would not thus lay their haunt open without some precaution. Brunet had a quick wit, and he thought he understood the matter thoroughly. He went home and went to bed, but he did not go to sleep. He had seen a man following him at some distance, and he knew that he was watched even now.

About two hours past midnight, the young butcher got up and dressed himself. There was a narrow, arched alley leading from the little back yard of the house in which he lived to the Rue de Richelieu. Into this he went, and passing down de Richelieu a short distance, he came to another passage that led to the Rue Vivienne. By this he reached the back part of M. Vendel's house, and having assured himself that he was unobservéd, he rapped upon the window. After rapping half a dozen times he aroused a servant, who made her appearance at the upper window, and he told her to inform her master that he was wanted immediately. In a while the commissary came, and after some explanation, Brunet went in.

"Now what is your business," asked Vendel, having conducted his visitor to the drawing-room, "that you take such a time as this for it?"

"I think I have a clue to the robbers?" said the young man.

"What!" uttered the commissary, starting as though he had been struck. Do you mean the villains who have been doing so much mischief?"

"Yes; and I think that by to-morrow night I can lead the way to them. I feel sure of it."

"By the holy angels!" cried Vendel, "if you can do this you shall be rewarded."

"And suppose I should do it, would not my request for the hand of Mademoiselle Louise be listened to?"

"Do it first."

"But I want some assurance."

"You have the assurance of fifteen thousand francs."

"But that is nothing. I would rather have the hand of Louise than all the gold in Paris."

"With fifteen thousand francs you will be somebody. Let me see. I'll ask Louise. But mind; on condition—"

"On condition that I lead you to the place of the robbers. I understand. Now listen:"

And thereupon Brunet went on and related everything that had occurred, describing particularly where he had been directed to go, and also explaining how narrowly he was to be watched.

"But," he added, "I have no idea that I shall find the robbers at the house where I am first to stop. They will be on the watch to see if I come alone, and then, when they think they are safe, they will take me to the real place of meeting, there to concoct the plan for robbing you. Now can you be at the Rue de Medici, so as to keep a watch at number seventy-nine, at ten o'clock on the coming night?"

"Yes."

"Then be there, for the villains can be more easily taken there than when they come here, for part might escape here, and all may not come."

It was finally all arranged, and the commissary promised to do his part of the work, so that no one could suspect his movements. The butcher then went home the same way he had come, and in the morning he went about his business as usual. When he left his house in the morning he saw a man standing on the opposite side of the street, who went away when he had started towards his stall. Several times during the day Brunet saw a tall, well-dressed gentleman standing opposite his shop, watching him. Said person had a smoothly shaved face, but our hero believed him to be his companion of the night before, with his huge beard either in his pocket or at home.

At nine o'clock in the evening Brunet was in his own room preparing for his adventure. He had a pair of double-barrelled pistols, and these he carefully loaded and concealed beneath his vest. Another pair he loaded and carried only beneath his blouse. Then he set out, and just as the bell was tolling the hour of ten he reached the house to which he had been directed. As he passed up the street he noticed several persons who seemed to watch him narrowly, and one old woman had followed him ever since he left the Pont Neuf. He knocked at the door, and it was opened by a miserable old hag of a woman.

"What do ye want here?" she asked, shading the light of a tallow candle which she carried.

"I want to come in."

"But for what?"

"I promised to meet a man here on business."

"What kind of business?"

"It's a private affair."

"Well, come in."

So Brunet followed her into the house, and was conducted to a small, dirty room, where he was left alone for nearly half an hour. At the end of that time the door was opened, and his companion of the evening before entered.

"So you've come, eh?"

"Certainly," replied Brunet.

"I kept you waiting longer than I meant, but our folks were late. Are you armed?"

"Yes. Pistols."

"That wont do. Let me have the pistols, and you shall have a knife. Pistols make too much noise."

"Just as you say," returned Brunet, without hesitation. "But mind, I trust you much when I thus disarm myself." And as he thus spoke he drew the two single-barrelled pistols from beneath blouse and gave them up.

"Now are you ready to lead the way to M. Bernard Vendel's money-chest?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me."

Brunet arose and followed his conductor out into the street, and with quick steps they passed on to the Rue Hautefeuille, down which they turned, and in a few moments they stopped before an old wooden house where the stranger gave three distinct raps upon the door. There came three raps from within. Then the young man's conductor gave three more raps, and at the same time three light kicks with his foot. While this was going on, Brunet saw a woman pass by, carrying a basket of clothes upon her head. She cast her eyes up just as the door was opened, and by the rays of the street lamp, which fell into her face, Brunet recognised the features of M. Vendel. He was sure of it.

In this house the young man was led to a large room upon the second floor, where he found quite a company assembled. There were seven old women, all doubled up with infirmity; four miserable-looking old men, who seemed to have just come from the drains, and the man who had conducted our hero thither making the twelfth. After the door had been closed and bolted, one of the old women went to the window to assure herself that the shutters were closed. Brunet saw by her movements that she was not only a man, but strong and vigorous.

"Now," said the guide, looking the youth sharply in the face, "I think you have gone thus far honestly, for you may be assured that you have been watched, and your movements thus far have given us no suspicion. Now the final test is to come. We are going to-night to the house of the commissary, and you must lead the way; and at the first sign of treason you will die. If you help us perform this robbery faithfully we shall doubt you no more, for you will be bound to us then, and we shall have proof of your faithfulness. You will make an armament to our band of *Chevaliers d'Industrie.* We will wait here until midnight, and then start."

"But where are the rest of our party?" asked Brunet, knowing very well that he saw them about him.

"They will be here in season."

"Hark!" uttered one of the apparent rag-pickers, at the same time exhibiting an activity that did not accord with his appearance.

"What is it?" asked he who had conducted our hero thither.

"I heard a noise at the door below, as though some one were picking a lock."

The guide went down, but in a few moments he returned, and reported all safe. After this he went to a small closet, and brought out some small, stout cord, and a bundle of burglar's tools. These he was arranging, when a noise of a different kind was heard below. It sounded like the creaking of boards under a heavy weight. The old women started to their feet, and so did the decrepid old men; and they all stood erect for an instant, and then, as the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs was plainly heard, they settled back to their assumed debility. On the next moment a hand was laid upon the latch of the door.

"By heavens, you've betrayed us!" hissed the robber, springing towards Brunet.

"How?" answered Brunet, without betraying the slightest trepidation.

"You have—some how."

"You are a fool. How could I do it? It is only some lodger come in."

"There are no lodgers here. We occupy the whole apartment of that one outer door."

"Then go and see who has come. Surely, no one will suspect such a crew as this."

The villain was staggered by Brunet's coolness, and without speaking further, he turned towards the door.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"It's me—Pierre Lafron," answered some one without.

"I don't know any Pierre Lafron."

"But I do," said one of the seeming women. "He belongs in the Faubourg St. Denis. Let him in."

The door was accordingly opened, and on the next instant twenty policemen, in their stocking-feet, rushed into the room. Some of the old women made for the door, and one of them would have passed out had not Brunet pushed her back.

"Take them all!" cried the butcher; "they are all men!"

"Ha! villain!" hissed the robber, who had guided our hero, at the same time raising his knife, "I smelt you before. You've done it well, but you wont live to see the end of it!"

Brunet had been on his guard, and with a quick movement he darted back and drew one of his remaining pistols.

"Now, my fine fellow, strike!" he cried, as he pointed his pistol, with both hammers cocked, directly in the man's face.

The robber, in his fury, attempted to knock the pistol down, and Brunet fired. The ball struck him in the right eye, and he fell back instantly. In less than five minutes every one of the party was bound and marched off, and when they reached the station they were stripped of their disguises, and the commissary found some old acquaintances among them. On the next day the old house was searched, and in one of the vaults of the cellar were found stores of wealth, most of which was identified.

One of the party confessed that they—twelve of them—had resolved to get a million francs apiece, and then leave the country; and after they had been tried and condemned, the same man, under the influence of a priest, confessed to the murders they had committed.

The robbers were executed, and not long afterwards Brunet St. Denis claimed the hand of his beloved Louise. Of course M. Vendel could now make no objection, so he called his daughter, and as he placed her hand within that of the man she loved, he said:

"There—you gave me twelve robbers, and now I give you the wife. If you are both satisfied, surely I am."

And that they were satisfied they evinced by their joy on the occasion. Brunet not only got the fifteen thousand francs, and one of the best and prettiest wives in Paris, but he was for a while quite a lion, all of which pleased him much, and made him very happy. He is now himself a Commissary of Police, and he makes one of the most efficient officers in Paris.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FAREWELL FOREVER.

BY JAMES B. MACQUILLAN.

O would that we had never, never met,
That chance had cast our beings far apart,
Then would this bosom feel no wild regret,
Nor shades of sorrow linger round this heart.
I know that thou canst never, never feel
The pangs I've felt since fate hath bid us part—
And yet I love each thought that doth reveal
Thy vision to this fond and constant heart.

I feel that thou canst never, never know
The saddened thoughts that ever dwell with me;
A stream of sorrow round this life doth flow,
And yet 'tis welcome, for it mirrors thee.
Time's scroll I know can never, never tell
The anguish here—the hopeless silent cost,
Of having loved too wildly well,
And vainly loved—for thou to me art lost.

Though we may never, never meet again,
I'll love and cherish every early token,
And smile and weep—'twill be a pleasing pain,
To kiss the vows thou hast so falsely broken.
To think on days forever, ever gone—
But still remembered—days of joys once mine—
When first I saw thee in love's early morn,
And read the future in those eyes of thine.

Farewell, farewell, forever, ever more,
The flowers of youth have perished from my sight;
The faded garland wreathes sad memory's store,
And shades the future in gloom's darkest night.
Farewell, farewell, I'll never, never chide,
But love each thought that visions unto me
The well-remembered smiles that once did guide
This saddened heart before love's shrine for thee.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

TELESCOPES.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

In the year of our Lord 1600, and the first Sunday in Lent, two good citizens of Middlebourg, leaning on an oaken table, in the lower story of an old house, were conversing amicably while emptying a pot of beer. One of them, the master of the dwelling, had his head covered with a species of black cap, which placed in strong contrast his white hair and beard. He was wrapped in an ample pelisse, bordered with fur, and one could not help remarking in his whole person something distinguished, graceful and reflective. The other individual had, buried on his head, a pointed cap, somewhat battered; he wore a maroon colored jacket, with a mantle of grayish black. His plump and ruddy cheeks, his viny nose, his large twinkling eyes, gave to his face an expression of habitual debauchery, notwithstanding his gray locks and moustache. Finally, though very fat, he did not remain for a single instant quiet in his chair.

A blond and robust servant, who, however, needed the application of soap and sponge, as well as her kitchen, had just placed on the table a second *schoppen*, when the little man exclaimed in a sharp voice:

"It is in vain for you to talk, Meinheer Jansen, you will never persuade me that it is by his merit that our comrade, Van Hock, has made his fortune. Destiny, neighbor, destiny! that's all."

"That is the way the Turks reason," replied the quiet man, letting fall the corner of his glass, "and so they have invented nothing. It was written! With this phrase, all they can do is to fold their arms and smoke opium."

"But have you not recognized a hundred times, in the course of your life, that such and such things, good or bad, have happened to you, though you have done nothing to deserve them? And how do you explain these chance strokes, but by the invincible power of Fate?"

"Doubtless I cannot prevent the river from flowing; but I can ford it where it is low, and cross it on a bridge where it is high. He who is drowned is careless. Do you not feel, at every instant of the day, that you are perfectly free to act in various ways? For example, to leave me at this moment, to go to India, like our brother, whose good fortune has excited your envy. If you deny this, you refuse the evidence of your own senses. Believe me, Meinherr, it is only the idle and fools who say, We cannot control our destiny; such and such events happen by chance. There is no such thing as chance."

"You provoke me with your reasoning. Do I not see these strokes of Fate daily? And, to confine myself to our profession, how were these spectacles—by the manufacture of which you and I earn a scanty subsistence,—the spectacles, so useful, so wonderful, how were they invented? By chance."

"By chance! Signor Salvi Armati, who lived at Florence, about three centuries ago, and who made this valuable discovery, was a very learned gentleman. If chance sometimes wafts an idea as the wind transports a seed, it must fall, in order to germinate, into a fruitful and well-prepared soil. No, no, Maitre Johann, there is no chance; all depends on skill."

"By Mahomet! you grow more and more positive. By your own account, it rests only with me to make the finest discoveries which have ever enriched a Christian."

"Undoubtedly; if you would only think so."

"And what prevents you, then, my friend, from becoming rich and illustrious?"

Honest Zachariah Jansen was collecting his ideas to reply to this question *ad hominem*, when his son, who was playing on the doorstep with some refuse glasses, ran in, exclaiming:

"Papa, papa! I have just seen Jaquemart strike his hammer on the bell of the church!"

"Little simpleton!" said the neighbor, "do not disturb us with your nonsense. At this distance we can scarcely see Jaquemart himself, much less his hammer."

"Nevertheless, I saw it, Meinheer Johann, with these two glasses."

"That is singular," said Jansen, thoughtfully.

"Poh! do you not see that he is amusing himself at our expense? Let us continue our conversation, neighbor Zacharias. After a good glass, I am fond of philosophical argument."

"And what did you do in order to see this?" said the spectacle-maker to his child, without noticing his neighbor.

"Good!" cried the latter, "our friend has embarked for the kingdom of discoveries. I wager he does not hear me. Neighbor Zacharias! Meinheer Jansen! drink your beer, and let us converse like two rational beings."

"Pardon me, meinheer; but what this child has said disturbs my mind. There are so many things which we do not know, and which it may be possible to learn."

"Good! good!—one does not learn with a gray beard, Maitre Zacharias; juveniles like us do not attend school. As for me, I am your servant. Run after your humbugs; I will seek a more joyous companion."

"Excuse me, neighbor; I must look into this matter."

The neighbor having departed, Jansen learned from his son that by placing near his eye a concave glass, and holding a convex glass at a certain distance, he had distinctly perceived Jaquemart raise his arm and strike the bell with his hammer. The father repeated the experiment, and saw, with as much joy as surprise, that it was correct. He placed two glasses of this species in a tube, and obtained a result still more satisfactory. Telescopes were invented.

In the month of May, 1609, the Professor of Mathematics of Padua, appointed such by the most serene Republic of Venice, had come to spend a few days in the city of Lagunes. There he heard that a certain Dutchman had presented Count Maurice, of Nassau, with some lenses, by means of which distant objects were brought near. With this information alone, our professor (it was Galileo) returned to Padua, reflected all night, and the next day having disposed in a leaden tube the imperfect glasses which he had at hand, succeeded in composing an instrument which produced this miraculous effect. A week afterwards, having manufactured a better one, he carried it to Venice, and from the various elevations of the city, showed the principal personages of the Republic, diverse objects, the appearance of which astonished them greatly. With a liberality unusual at that period, he presented his telescope to the Doge, accompanied by a memorial, in which he explained the manner of its construction, and use by land and by sea. The advantages of telescopes to the numerous Venetian vessels, especially in times of war, when these would enable them to recognize the enemy's vessels at a distance, will readily be conceived. But by a singular fatality peculiar to great inventions, this simple and easy application did not become common for a long time.

Soon after this first invention, Galileo imgined that it would be possible to construct for objects difficult to be distinguished because of their minuteness, something analogous to that which had been done for distant objects. This thought gave birth to the microscope. The seventeenth century was not, however, prepared to attach to things immediately beneath our hands and under our eyes, all the importance which they merit. The grandeur of celestial distances, the influence over our destiny attributed to the glass, soon attracted the mind of Galileo to astronomical discoveries. Examining the heavens with his telescope, he noticed first that the surface of the moon was, like that of the earth, covered with cavities and eminences; he discovered that the Milky Way and the nebulae were only a mass of fixed stars, too distant or too small to be distinctly perceptible to the naked eye; he saw, scattered throughout the sky, a multitude of other fixed stars, which had remained unknown from antiquity; he perceived that Jupiter was attended by four small stars, which he named Medicean Planets. These discoveries, so various, so numerous, so unexpected, were all accomplished in a few days, and with an instrument which magnified only seven or eight times, a little more than our opera glasses.

Novelties so wonderful attracted the attention of the civilized world; but we must not believe that they were readily accepted as truths. There were then many persons who confided in the writings of Aristotle, rather than in the great book of Nature. For them, Galileo was a charlatan, an impostor, or at least deceived by the false appearances which resulted from the use of his glasses. But, it will be said, how could these people resist the evidence of their own eyes? By obstinately refusing to look through the telescope of Galileo.

François Sizzi, a Florentine astronomer, argued against the existence of the satellites of Jupiter, in this manner:

"Animals have seven windows in the head, by which air is introduced into the rest of the body, to light, warm and feed it, and which are the principal parts of the *microkosmos*, little world; two nostrils, two eyes, two ears and one mouth. So in the heavens as in the *makrokosmos*, great world, there are two favorable stars, two of a malignant influence, two luminaries, and Mercury, alone, indecisive and indifferent. From all this, and a multitude of similar phenomena of the same nature, such as the seven metals, etc., which it would be tedious to enumerate, we infer that the number of the planets is necessarily seven. Besides, the satellites were invisible to the naked eye; therefore they exercise no influence upon the earth, therefore they are useless, therefore they do not exist. Add to this, that the Jews and other ancient nations, as well as modern Europeans, have adopted the division of the week into seven days, and have called them by the names of the seven planets, so that if we increase the number of the planets, the whole system is destroyed."

Such were the people against whom one was compelled to argue. But Galileo continued his observations, and occupied himself with the configuration of Saturn; then he observed spots on the sun, and from the motion of these spots, concluded that this star revolved on its axis. Finally, he noticed the phases of Venus, and was thus convinced that it revolved around the sun. Having seen so many things which no one had seen before, it was just, as says Viviani, that he should be inscribed in the Academy of the Lynxes. This honor was not long withheld.

In the early simplicity of the telescope, the images were reversed, which, however, was not very convenient for astronomical observations. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, Pere Rheita found means to give the image its true position by a combination of convex glasses placed between the object-glass and the eye-glass; but his telescope had the defect of giving to objects a rainbow hue. To avoid this, Newton devised the plan of looking at the objects, not directly through glasses, but by the reflection of the image on mirrors. The instrument, which he fabricated in this manner, has has alone retained the name of telescope.

A Newtonian telescope is composed of a tube, at the extremity of which is a perfectly polished metal mirror. This mirror receives the image and reflects it. It is caught by another mirror, much smaller, placed about the middle of the tube, which in its turn reflects the image towards the observer. The latter looks through a hole pierced in the centre of the large mirror, and causes it to submit to any amplification he pleases by means of a convex lens; for every telescope is composed of two principal parts—that which forms the aerial images of distant objects, and the little lens which magnifies them.

In 1759, a young Hanoverian musician, having gone to seek his fortune in England, became the instructor of a band of music in an English regiment stationed on the frontiers of Scotland. In his leisure hours he learned, without masters, Italian, Latin, a little Greek, and especially mathematics. Having obtained the situation of organist in a chapel at Bath, he soon saw his circumstances improve; but music was no longer his favorite occupation. A small telescope having fallen into his hands, he used it to examine the heavens, and was filled with enthusiasm at their immensity. He wished to possess a more powerful instrument, and wrote to London to inquire the price. It was infinitely above his resources. What was to be done? The poor organist resolved to construct a telescope himself. He immediately made experiments on the metallic alloys which reflected light with most intensity, on the methods of giving to the mirrors a parabolic figure, etc. At last, in 1774, William Herschel had the pleasure of examining the heavens with a Newtonian telescope of five feet, executed wholly by his own hands. Telescopes of seven, ten, and even twenty feet, succeeded. But what labor was necessary to melt and fashion these mirrors? Every time he undertook to polish one, he passed ten, twelve and fourteen hours in uninterrupted toil. He did not rest an instant, even to eat, and received from the hands of his sister the food necessary to enable him to endure so long a fatigue. Nothing would induce him to abandon his labor, for this was, in his opinion, to spoil all. But so much courage and perseverance at last obtained their reward. On the 13th of March, 1781, William Herschel discovered a new planet (Uranus) situated on the confines of our system; and since then his career has been but a long succession of discoveries and triumphs.

King George III., a great patron of the learned, and especially of Hanoverians, granted him a pension, and a residence near Windsor Castle. He did more—he assumed the expense of a monster telescope. This telescope was installed in the garden of the little dwelling of Herschel, at Slough; its tube was thirty-nine feet long, and four feet ten inches in diameter; it weighed more than twenty quintals; in order to move it, two men were obliged to act on a combination of masts, cordages and pulleys. It will be seen that the little lunettes of Galileo were thus singularly distanced.

Unfortunately, the difficulty of moving so vast a machine, as well as various other causes, rendered it much less useful than had been expected. Herschel calculated that to make a circuit of the heavens with this great instrument, in such a manner that its aperture should be directed a single instant towards each point in space, would take not less than eight hundred years. So this enormous telescope was already in disuse when Sir William Herschell died, on the 23d of August, 1822, laden with years and honors.

His son and successor in the career of astronomical discoveries, Sir John Herschel, wished to preserve the remains of the telescope, at Slough, as the finest monument which could be erected to the memory of him who had constructed it. At the very spot where he had fashioned it, the bronze tube, bearing at its extremity the mirror of four feet ten inches, was placed horizontally on solid pillars of masonry. The members of the family of the great astronomer present, to the number of seven persons, made the tour of the monument in a procession, introduced themselves into the tube, seated themselves on benches, and chanted a requiem in honor of the deceased.

It seems that the imagination of certain persons, capable of the largest amplifications, was not satisfied with this little ceremony, singular as it was. Some English journals went so far as to say that a ball had been given in the tube of the telescope.

The requiem chanted in the gigantic instrument of Sir William, seems to have brought misfortune on the whole race of telescopes, for they have been, in their turn, abandoned for lunettes—refracting telescopes in distinction from reflecting. The grand defect of the latter was to give to objects rainbow hues. This defect has disappeared since the invention of achromatic glasses, by Euler and Dollard. Now these lunettes have over telescopes the advantage of less loss of light in the objects observed. They allow the passage of almost all the luminous rays, while a large proportion of these rays is absorbed by the double reflection of metallic mirrors. Only to derive great advantage from them, it is necessary to manufacture large pieces of crown glass and flint glass, free from defects; this is now done in the glass manufactory at Clicky, and others. The importance of this manufacture will be understood, when it is known that an object-glass, fourteen inches in diameter, executed by Lerebours, has just been purchased for the observatory of Paris for 25,000 francs. It is to serve in the construction of a lunette which will support a magnifying power of from two to three thousand. The difficulty is not in the magnifying power; but as the quantity of light of the object examined remains always the same, it becomes more obscure as its apparent dimensions are amplified.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BANKER'S NIECE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

It was quite late in the evening ere the banker's clerk, Pierre Dupont, was able to meet his engagement and enter the splendid ball room of the Countess D. A noble looking fellow, dressed with exquisite taste and withal brimful of mirth and compliment, he was ever a desirable acquisition to the soirees of the season, and as he passed along now, interchanging bows and greetings, many a lady's eye grew bright, and many a heart beat tumultuously. But the clerk was too wearied just then to regard any very closely; and indeed had only repaired to the gay spot because he could not well excuse himself. Threading his way through the graceful dance, he gained at length a draperied window and ensconced himself behind the rich curtains and looked, listened, and rested.

His attention was soon rivetted to the face of a young girl who sat beside an opposite window. Not because she was beautiful, for he thought her very plain in features; nor because of her costly robes, for she was dressed in simple muslin; but only from the circumstance that she was the only maiden seated, the wall-flower of the ball, the rest all tripping in the mazes of the figure just then called. He thought she looked a little sad, and he did not wonder, she sat there so lonely and neglected. Pierre had a warm and kindly heart hidden under his laughing mien, and he resolved at once, that fatigued though he was, he would seek an introduction and lead her to the floor.

The countess passed just then. He expressed his wish to her and asked the name of the unknown. To his astonishment, he was told she was the niece of his employer, and called Louise Lascelle.

"A liquid name, truly, my lady. I wonder if her voice be as softly musical."

"I can hardly tell you. I have so seldom heard it. She was introduced to me last week by her uncle, and of course as so near a relative, I must need invite her. But she is not happy here, I think. She is so plain and so poorly dressed that our beaux do not fancy her. She has not danced at all."

"Present me, if you please. It would ill become me to pass her by."

"You think then to gain the banker's favor. But I warn you. He told me she had no expectations from him to offer to the world, and I infer she is some poor relative to whom in pity he has given the post of housekeeper."

"Yet, present me. If poor, I am her equal. If neglected, the more need that I should show her some respect." And he crossed the room and the countess introduced him.

Pierre had thought her very plain, but when she raised her eyes to his, he saw that she had at least as brilliant a pair of orbs as flashed in the whole saloon, and he noticed, too, that the lashes which veiled them were long and silken. And when she responded to his compliments, he found that her voice was softly musical, and when their conversation became animated, her whole countenance, though very pale, became radiant with the expression of her thoughts, laughter now dimpling her thin lips, gravity chastening their curve, and sarcasm rounding them into fullness. And when he led her away, he marked that her step was light and graceful, her attitudes a model, and her whole mien enchanting. He saw too, that her hair, though not abundant, was rich, and dark, and soft and glossy as untarnished silk, and though confined in braids, with a wavy outline that gave it the appearance of imprisoned ringlets. Her dress, too, though of muslin, was of the finest and most delicate India fabric. And the little lace that flounced the neck and sleeves, was of the rarest kind."

"She has exquisite taste I know," whispered he to himself, "or a robe so plain would not hang in such graceful folds, nor would its few trimmings be so expensive."

And forthwith he began to wish that he were rich, and to fancy how he would array the maiden if he were burdened with the care. Strange thoughts for him! An hour before, and he did not know she lived. Now he hoped she might live forever, and he beside her.

He devoted himself exclusively to her during the remainder of the evening, to the chagrin of many a belle, who wondered what he could find so enchanting in a maiden whom the other beaux without exception had so slighted. And when the banker's carriage was announced, as the uncle had excused himself quite early, he begged and obtained permission to escort her home, and the musical, "*bon soi, monsieur*," which trembled on her lips as she parted from him, haunted his memory all night long, and sang sweetly in his ears the whole of the next day, notwithstanding he spent it amidst dusty ledgers.

The succeeding evening there was a party at the banker's, and the clerk, one of the invited guests, went early this time, and thus secured a half hour's conversation with the niece, unmolested by hearers or lookers-on. He watched her closely during the after hours, and inferred that the countess was right in some of her remarks. The banker did not seem to trouble himself at all about his relative, young as she was, and unless some guest out of regard to him requested an introduction, he gave none. That her means were not abundant seemed evident from the fact that her dress was precisely the same she wore at the previous ball; and that but the clerk lavished his attentions on her, she would again have been a wall flower. But he was better pleased than even he had been before, and only left her side when politeness to other friends demanded. He sounded her mind, and found that it was rich in ores that rust could not corrupt, while her heart, far as she chose to show it, was a very heaven of purity and holiness. In short, he was in love, and he thought it no wonder either, or rather he did not stop to analyze his feelings—it was enough to know he felt—enough to know that her lightest tone was music to her ears, and the gentlest touch of her soft hand an electric revelation to his heart.

They met evening after evening, sometimes in the lonely parlors of her uncle, sometimes at the theatre or opera, but oftener at the ball rooms of her wealthy relative's acquaintances, whither she went for what reason it seemed hard to tell. Perhaps to gratify her uncle's wishes, perhaps her curiosity, perhaps to see the clerk. It was not certainly because she hoped for admiration or attention, for she was still neglected, and still called plain and dowdyish, though they owned her looks improved a little and her dress had more of ton.

The clerk thought she grew handsomer each time he saw her. There was a delicate peach-bloom on her cheek that contrasted sweetly with her fair complexion, and her lips were fuller and had a carmine tint. Her hair, too, seemed to be more abundant, and occasionally now, a few long, glossy ringlets would float upon her shoulders, and sometimes a snowy bud would nestle beside the silver comb. But other ornaments she never wore, and folks said it was not choice, but poverty, that banished them.

They stood one evening in her uncle's winter garden, the breath and beauty of the summer-time all about them with its witcheries, though without the air was chill, and hoarse the wind. She was toying with a rosebud, a sweet, half-blown thing, that she had carelessly plucked from a bush beside her. She had inhaled its fragrance, trailed it upon her brow and cheek, pressed it in dalliance to her lips, and now with her slender fingers was unfolding the green calyx.

"Do not tear it, Louise,"—their intimacy warranted him in the use of her liquid name; "give it to me,—or stay;" and he plucked its mate—"exchange with me."

They were simple words, but they brought a rich color to the maiden's cheek, and she had no power to speak. Their hands met, softly, lightly, to exchange the buds, but somehow they could never tell, their fingers were entangled and in the ecstacy that thrilled them, the floral gift was quite forgotten, and only brought to memory after an hour's delicious interchange of promises and love, by the words of the betrothed Louise—"The rose has ever been my favorite flower; I will wear it more than ever now;" when the fallen buds were gathered up, and borne away to sleep that night on human hearts.

With a proud and manly step, the clerk the next day sought the uncle and asked his niece in marriage. The banker seemed astounded.

"You are too poor to marry, Pierre."

"May be, monsieur, but not to love. We will live on that."

"It is food only for the honey-moon."

"Then ours shall last forever."

"Well, well, I'll see about it. Go now. The ledgers wait."

So Pierre went to his work again, and the uncle to see his niece, and they were long closeted together. And when he came again to the counting-room, he whispered to the clerk:

"The girl is as wilful as yourself, and you may have your way—but mind, should the honey-moon ere wane, you come not here with pitying tale."

They were married five days afterwards, with none but the necessary witnesses. The banker gave his niece away, and as he pressed his paternal kiss upon her cheek, he hung about her neck a diamond necklace, which Pierre thought an unseemly gift for so portionless a bride, and for a poor man's wife. But he forgot its glitter soon in the dazzling radiance that flashed from her dark eyes, as side by side they drove out from the bustling city to spend a single day of leisure.

The bridal eve was over, and the twain, now of one flesh, sat at their breakfast. But the bridegroom seemed strangely sad and absent, and ere long the bride questioned him.

"What ails you, Pierre? Why don't you eat or drink?"

"I have no appetite."

"Love suffices I suppose; but why that wrinkled brow. One would think you were a cross old grandfather, instead of a youthful husband. I say again, what ails you?"

"I do not want to leave you."

"And who wants you to—not I."

"Your uncle does, and I must go. I have stayed too long, yet I should like to spend one week in honey-moon."

"And so you shall."

"But our bread, Louise?"

"Our bread! Think you it will suffer from six days' idleness? My baker will take care of that. But it is time the play was out. Know then I have no expectations from the banker, because I need none. I am mistress in my own right of a million and a half."

"You, Louise—my bride!"

"Ay, your bride—Madame Pierre Dupont, not quite so musical a name as my old one of Ma'a'mselle Louise Lascelle, and yet I like it well. And moreover the lady has a villa in the south, that a nobleman might envy, and there we'll go forthwith, and stay a week or a year, just as we choose."

"But why—"

"Conceal so long my riches? That I might win a husband that loved me, and not my gold. I had many lovers, but on testing them I found it was not me they wanted, but my possessions. I came here, and at a time when sickness had despoiled me of the little beauty I had owned, and with uncle's permission, passed off as a dowerless niece. You fancied me, in spite of my poor looks and empty purse, and I—well, never mind. Uncle gives a ball to-night in honor of our nuptials, and it's time you were deciding on your dress. Mine is already ordered, and when our friends see the bride in snowy satin, queenly laces, and a veil that is a fortune, floating above the ringlets on her neck, for the braids shall all be unloosed, and my hair have its free will to-night, a loop of diamonds in each ear, a bracelet on each arm, and a necklace around my throat, perchance they will think they were mistaken, and credit beauty, grace, fashion and wealth to the bride of the hour."

"And the star of the evening and the city shall be my own Louise—late, but the banker's niece."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

⁂ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Last Resort," a story by FRANK WORTHINGTON.
"Kidnapping a Wife," a tale by FREDERICK WARD.
"Violante's Necklace," a sketch by ANNE T. WILBUR.
"Old Roger Johnson," a story by PAUL CREYTON.
"The Iron Light Ship," a tale by J. H. INGRAHAM.
"My Little Brother," a poem by EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.
"The Sentence of Mirza," lines by WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.
"Love is a Holy Thing," verses by J. HOLLOWAY.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Happy Home," "Gratitude," "Lines," "Take back the Harp," and "Love's Young Dream."

THE NEXT HUMBUG.

A love of humbuggery appears to be one of the leading passions of humanity. Butler never said a truer thing than when he asserted:

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat."

We Yankees particularly, the "smartest nation in all creation," cannot exist without a hum. How many bubbles do we remember in our day, small in their beginning, huge in their development, brilliant in the rainbow hues of their full expansion, and then bursting, leaving scarce a trace behind! There was the Eastern land fever, with its imaginary lots, and imaginary fortunes; there was Matthias the impostor, a monstrous though limited humbug—there was the Morus Multicaulis, and lastly the Hen Fever, a universal epidemic, whose history the "Young 'Un" has just written for the amusement of the present generation and the wonder of posterity. One of Burnham's anecdotes is worth the price of his book. "Will it be credited," he says, "that during the summer of 1850, I had dozens of full-grown men—gentlemen—but enthusiastic hen fanciers (who had contracted the fever suddenly), who came to my residence for Cochin-China eggs, at one dollar each, and who, upon being informed that I hadn't one in the house, would quietly sit down in my parlor and wait two, three or four hours at a time, *for the hens to lay them a few*, that they might take them away with them? Such is the fact, however it may be doubted." Well—that fever is over—the last victim is convalescent, the last lanky, feather-legged, bull-voiced, brutal mass of bone, muscle, sinew and feather has been knocked in the head—the prices of grain are descending, there are fewer applicants for admission to the alms-houses, money is again easier on the street, and now we ask—what is to be the next humbug?—we don't mean what local—but what universal, absorbing, national humbug are we to have? It is now slack water. The people are growing impatient. Barnum and Burnham are reposing on their laurels—Grisi and Mario have returned to Europe—Kossuth is editing a London paper—Rachel wont be here till September, and we are stagnating—vegetating. Something must be done. Has imaginative genius vanished from our midst? Has Connecticut no inventive genius to fill the vacuum? Where is the manufacturer of the Petrified Man? We are impatient—but our confidence is unimpaired. As Wilkins Micawber says: "Something will turn up." We know not, it is true, what it will be—could we foresee, of course, we would anticipate it, and supply the market ourselves. But we have no fears. Looming darkly through the mists of the future we behold the coming hum, awful, formless, it is true,

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

But it is there. Soon its now shadowy proportion will assume distinctness, soon it will receive the rite of baptism, men will know what to call their idol. Then will they hasten to prostrate themselves before the car of this new Juggernaut, devoting to it, like our revolutionary fathers, "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

It is no proof of want of intelligence on our part that we are so easily humbugged. England, America and France are the three most enlightened nations on the face of the globe, yet none are more easily humbugged. The fact is, it requires genius to be humbugged thoroughly. Imagination, enthusiasm, generous confidence, a hundred fine qualities underlie this proneness to be humbugged. It is a glorious privilege of intellect. You can't humbug an idiot. The exhibitor of the Fejee mermaid "preferred to talk with naturalists." Solve the riddle as we may, however, it is clear that we are born to be humbugged, and can't escape our fate.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Lemon juice is recommended as a certain cure for acute rheumatism. It is given in quantities of a tablespoonful to twice the quantity of cold water, with a little sugar, every hour. The effect of the lemon-juice was almost instantaneous in one case mentioned; in ten days the worst case was cured, and in seven the other was able to go out, and there was a flexibility of the joints of the cured quite unusual in recovery after other modes of treatment.

NATURALIZATION LAWS.—Mr. D. W. Dewey, publisher and bookseller, Rochester, N. Y., is about publishing a work called "Native and Alien," containing a digest of all the laws on the important subject of naturalization now exciting so much interest throughout the country. It will prove very saleable.

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS.—We shall soon hear of Louis Napoleon before Sebastopol, writing bulletins, *a-la avuncular relative*. We should not regret it if he had a *bullet in* himself.

VOLUNTARY TRANCES.

We have read many cases of involuntary trances, or suspended vitality, in which the patient exhibited the usual phenomena of death, absence of pulsation and respiration. We have heard of persons in whom these crises of suspended animation recurred at regular periods and could be foretold by certain signs; but the following statement from the N. British Review, of a case in which the vital functions were suspended at will, is, as far as we know, without a parallel. "The condition of trance," the Review asserts, "can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving, after Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, the following account of the case of Col. Townsend, of Bath, a gentleman of a high and Christian character: Colonel Townsend could die or expire when he pleased—and yet by an effort or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first, it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself upon his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, until, at last, I could not feel any by the exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had, indeed, carried the experiment too far; and, at last, we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and we were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and, after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Colonel Towasend actually expired."

SAILORS ON SHORE.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times is responsible for the following anecdote: "During our recent war with Mexico it was found necessary to call on the marines and sailors, serving in the Pacific squadron, to serve on shore, and a large number of salts were accordingly placed under command of Gen. Kearney. During one of their 'shore fights,' as Jack termed it, a body of 'Greasers' were discovered firing from a large stone barn, and it being necessary to get to its rear, in order to effect an entrance, the marine officer in command of the salts gave the order, 'By the right flank file left, forward!' The blue jackets, in a high state of excitement, 'tried it on,' but couldn't do it; in fact, 'they got all in a heap,' as a spectator describes it; when Lieut. St—w—y, of the navy, seeing some of his lads in confusion, came running up with, 'What is out?' 'I can't get your men to obey me,' answers Mr. Marine. 'Give the order,' says S., 'and I'll see they do.' Accordingly, 'By the right flank,' etc., was yelled out, but worse and worse was poor Jack's puzzle, when S. sang out, 'Hang it, sir, that's no way to talk to my men. Luff, you lubbers, and weather that barn!' You had better believe it was done in no time."

FIRST DUEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that the first duel in the United States was fought at Plymouth in 1621, the year succeeding the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The parties were Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of Stephen Hopkins, and having a dispute, they settled it with sword and dagger. Both were wounded. Without a statute law on the subject, the whole company of Puritans assembled to consider and punish the offence. The decision was the wisest that could have been made. Doty and Leister were ordered to be tied together heads and feet for twenty-four hours, without food or drink; but the intercession of their master and their own promises procured a speedy release.

PROMISING ENTERPRISE.—A number of individuals are digging for gold in New Hampshire, in obedience to the directions of an old woman who tells them where to operate. She is in possession of a magic divining rod which indicates the presence of the *oro*. We presume it will be about as profitable as the Kidd treasure speculation.

PEACE IN EUROPE.—It is confidently believed by the best informed statesmen that peace will before long be restored to Europe. We shall be glad to hear of it—if the European despots do not attempt to meddle with our affairs, after settling their own.

ENGLAND.—Severe weather and want of work have caused great riots in England. Perhaps the British philanthropists, the Borrioboola-gha men and women, may now find out that "Charity begins at home."

PRECOCIOUS.—A young gentleman of New York, by the name of Green, aged twelve, lately stabbed a playmate severely, if not fatally, in the arm. He promises to do *Hyer* deeds yet.

DEATH OF JOSEPH HUME.—The great English liberal orator and champion died lately at London.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The subject of railroad fares is still engrossing much public attention.

A large party of emigrants lately left this city for Kansas. Fare through, $35.

Henry Kimball, of Littleton, is a model teamster—seven feet in height.

Banvard's Holy Land has proved the most successful exhibition of the season.

The price of buttons has risen since Burnham's Hen Fever came out.

The recruits are coming in fast for the new regiments authorized by Congress.

We shall soon have a telegraph from Boston to Cape Cod. Very useful it will be.

The London Times attacks the government and royal family with audacity.

There are no women in the Charlestown State Prison—but 507 males.

The death of the lamented Rev. F. T. Gray was caused by intestinal cancer.

The new French court costume for gentlemen is green—an appropriate color.

During the past year $500,000 freight money was paid the Stonington steamers.

A silver tea service has been presented to John G. Webster, President of the Malden Bank.

John Gilbert, a Boston boy and finished actor, had a successful benefit at the Boston.

Mr. Ewbank tells us that in winter a lady is wrapped in one hundred miles of thread.

The war upon dogs has been commenced in the country. Clubs and strychnine!

Barnum has made offers to Sargent for the "Priestess," for his Museum.

The death of Mr. William Poole, the pugilist, caused great excitement in New York.

Seventy thousand dollars have been raised to build a Universalist college at Salisbury, Ill.

They have green peas, lettuce and radishes in Florida all winter. Luxurious dogs!

Prince Demidoff allows the Czar the income of all his valuable mines.

LOAN AND FUND ASSOCIATIONS.

The "efforts of houseless people to become their own landlords" have given rise to various schemes, but none so promising as the Loan and Fund Associations, which have within a short time sprung into existence. It is all very well to say that "honesty is the best policy," but simple honesty, however sterling, has not a financial value. Honesty cannot procure a discount at a bank; honesty alone cannot buy houses and land; and hitherto honesty had to be content with living in hired houses, instead of being sheltered by a roof of its own. But, thanks to the Loan and Fund Associations, the honest and industrious poor man has now a chance of obtaining real estate. "They," says the Fireside Journal, "have the double purpose of affording to poor people the means of investing their savings profitably and of borrowing reasonably. They constitute a *bourse* where poor lenders and poor borrowers meet and accommodate each other. The Advertiser seems to suppose that those who get possession of homes by means of the associations are the lucky drawers of prizes, and the rest only lose. On the contrary, large numbers derive benefit from these associations who never expect to become borrowers. They get as much for their money as if they invested it in a savings bank, and have the pleasure of knowing that it goes to assist deserving men, who are struggling to relieve their houses from mortgages that threaten to swallow them whole, or to build new ones. If the managers of these institutions swindle the members, pray what must be said of the landlords and mortgagees from whose tender mercies they are fain thus to escape?"

A NEW COMPOSITION.—A manufacturer of soap in Buffalo, recently, while experimenting upon the hardening substances used in soap, found in the application of a certain material, that he had made a batch of horn-soap. It was in color, strength, fibre and substance, the counterpart of horn. We shall expect, therefore, to see the ladies decorated with side and top combs made from soap horn. What next, in this "age of progress?"

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "HUSBAND."—The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo Saxon words *hus* and *band*, which signify the "bond of the house;" and it was anciently spelt "housebond," and continued to be spelt thus in some editions of the English Bible after the introduction of printing. A husband, then, is a house-bond—the bond of a house—that which engirdles the family into the union of openness of love.

COOKS VS. GENERALS.—What is a general compared to a cook? It appears that one of the great oversights of the allies has been in not sending enough grub and good cooks to the Crimea. Soyer, the celebrated Paris cook, seems to be of that opinion, and attaches so much importance to the fact that he has volunteered his services to the British government gratuitously, to proceed to the Crimea, and thus make things agreeable gastronomically.

JOHN GILBERT.—Miss Ellen Tree (now Mrs. C. Kean) remarked of this gentleman, now one of the most popular performers at the Boston Theatre, that he was one of the best actors she had seen on this side of the Atlantic. He is, indeed, a finished artist.

DEATH OF THE CZAR.—The death of the emperor of Russia, by *apoplexy*, caused a great excitement when it was announced by Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords. Even then, the news was doubted by many.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. Hackett has presented Mr. L. C. Stuart, the treasurer of his late operatic enterprise, with $500 additional, as a special token of his esteem.

SHAKING.—A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at the city of Mexico, on the twenty-eighth ult.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Empire of Burmah," by Dr. J. V. C. SMITH.
"A Modern Belle's Career," a domestic sketch by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
"Bertrand de Born," an historic and poetic sketch by CARL RUPERT.
"Sketch of the War in the East."
"Life's Evergreens," a poem by WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.
"Sighing for thee," verses by ALEXANDER KNIGHT.
"Shall we know each other in heaven?" stanzas by MARY N. DEARBORN.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representations of Hughes's High School, Cincinnati.

A series of characteristic Eastern engravings, giving a view, first, of a group of Arabian Female Dancers; second, an Arabian Funeral Procession; third, a Visit to an Arabian Cemetery; fourth, a group of Dancing Ghellabs; fifth, an Arabian Bridal Party.

Exterior view of the Boston Athenæum; Library of the Athenæum, Statuary Room, and the Gallery of Paintings at the Athenæum.

Portrait of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Picture of the Trial of the new Steam Fire Engine, recently, in Tremont Street, Boston.

A series of engravings giving specimens in natural history; first, the King Penguin; second, the Hawk Owl; third, the Goliah Aratoo; fourth, the Australian Ant-Eater.

A large whole page picture, representing a group of Street Characters.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Lord Raglan is said to have resigned to avoid a recall.

The Viceroy of Egypt has abolished Customs duties except at Suez.

A German translation of the works of Dr. Channing has just been completed at Berlin.

The British government have concluded large contracts for provisions at Dantzic, at high prices.

It is said in Paris that Prince Napoleon is about to be married to one of the princesses of the Royal Family of Wurtemberg.

The new statue in bronze of Joan of Arc, and the newly-repaired Hotel de Ville at Orleans, are to be inaugurated on the 8th of May next.

Several able divers from London and Paris have just passed through Lyons, on their way to the Crimea. They were there joined by one of the most experienced divers of that city.

The Volga is to be made navigable from Astrakan to the Caspian Sea, and a company to be called the "Golden Fleece" is authorized to work the gold-mines in Siberia.

The Czar is reported to have said to the Assembly of Nobles, on the occasion of the New Year, "I shall remain amongst you until the end of March, when I shall have to begin the war!"

The Emperor Napoleon, it is said, has written to demand Lord Raglan's recall. His Imperial Majesty has ordered that all correspondents of the Paris newspapers shall be sent off, bag and baggage, from the Crimea.

Workmen are now employed at the Jardin des Plants of Paris, in making preparations for accommodating a female hippopotamus, which has arrived at Cairo. It was taken in the White Nile, and being only a few months old, is still fed with milk.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.

Passion, in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy for a while runs against the stream.

How youth makes its wishes hopes, and hopes certainties.

Riches do not so often produce criminals as incite accusers.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornaments of it.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision, and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

Prudence governs the wise; but they are few, and the most wise are not so at all times: passion actuates everybody, and almost always.

There cannot be a surer proof of a low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel.

You can depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can depend upon himself. He only who acts conscientiously towards himself will act so towards others, and *vice versa*.

It has been asserted that man possesses three natures. A vegetable one, which is content merely to exist; an animal, which destroys, and an intellectual, which creates.

Officious defenders of truth have, in all ages, done more injury to truth than its keenest attackers. Houses are generally more damaged by the water which is used to extinguish the fire, than by the fire itself.

Joker's Budget.

"John, what is a gentleman?" "Stub-toe boots, short-tail coat, and a high shirt-collar, sir."

What weapon does a young lady resemble whose acquaintance pass her without noticing her? A cutlass.

What is the difference between a bee hive and a defective potato? One is a bee-holder, and the other is a spec-tater.

What is a gentleman's first duty towards himself? To buy a pair of plaid pantaloons, and to raise a huge pair of whiskers.

A "shentlemans from Vaterland" thus describes the New Yorkers: "Fine peobles; dey go about de sthreets all day, cheating each other, and dey call dat pizziness."

Being confined to his room by sickness, a student of Latin was called upon by his friend. "What, John," said the visitor, "sick, eh?" "Yes," answered John, "*sic sum!*"

The barbers of Terre Haute, it is said, have taken down their striped poles, and substituted, in large letters, the word "bank," as a surer "sign" of shaving facilities.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka, a few evenings ago. "What would you take me for?" "For better or worse," replied he.

Wanted to Know.—Whether a treble singer does three times the work, or is paid three times as much as another? And whether a lawyer ever fainted under the burden of conveying a house?

A correspondent says: You ask, were Lord Raglan to scale the walls of Sebastopol alone, would that be considered a *General* assault? I answer, two or three months ago it would; but now it could only be regarded as a very indifferent *Marshall* (martial) assault.

Quill and Scissors.

Messrs. Barclay, the London brewers, get their water from wells sunk so deep, that they and the Messrs. Calvert, whose brewery is half a mile distant upon the opposite side of the river, find they are rivals for the same spring. When one brewery pumps, it drains the wells of the other, and the firms are obliged to obtain their water on alternate days.

The pilots on the Lower Mississippi say they never saw the river in such a bad state as at present. It is almost impossible to run clear of bars and snags, as the channel is washing out very fast, and old buried snags, rocks and bars, not known to their mental vocabularies, are continually getting nearer the surface of the water and coming into view.

There has been much distress in England, owing to the unusually severe winter. Great riots had occurred at Liverpool and London, in consequence; but the weather having moderated, and a large number of ships having arrived, giving employment to many of the sufferers, the riots had ceased.

Another party of emigrants for Kansas, two hundred in number, recently left Boston. The party was composed mostly of young and middle aged men, strong and hearty, and in good circumstances. There were about thirty women and children in the company, who appeared lively and cheerful.

It is seldom, we presume, that the decision of any private cause by the Supreme Court has given so much satisfaction as the judgment recently pronounced by that high tribunal in favor of Col. John C. Fremont, confirming to him his valuable property in California.

The steamer El Dorado arrived at Havana on the 8th inst., from Aspinwall, and reported having been fired at there by the Spanish frigate Ferralona. The first shot went about 20 yards ahead of the El Dorado's bow; the second immediately over her wheel-house.

The extent of the shore line of the United States on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf, is about 12,500 miles. The northern and southern land boundaries amount to about 5500 more, making in all 18,000 miles, equal to three quarters of the distance around the world.

Of all the snow storms experienced on Cape Cod for forty years, that on the 9th inst. was the most severe. The roads were obstructed to an unparalleled extent, and many of the doors and windows of the houses were blocked up with heavy drifts.

A Naval Medical Board has been ordered to convene at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, for the examination of Assistant Surgeons for promotion, and candidates for admission into the Medical Corps of the Navy.

It is estimated that there were in the United States, at the time of the Presidential election of 1852, about 5,222,314 persons entitled to vote, of whom only 3,126,378 availed themselves of this freeman's privilege.

The Police Gazette of St. Petersburg gives an account of a large wolf, perfectly mad, which ran through the streets of the Russian capital, and bit twenty-eight men and six women.

The Chicago papers say that there is a prospect of an early spring in that section of the country. The river and harbor are nearly clear of ice, and vessels are loading for departure.

The three smallest places in the United States are Harris, Vt., with a population of 8; Averill, Vt., with a population of 7; and Liberty, Illinois, with a population of 5.

Orders have been received at Constantinople to prepare hospital beds for 50,000 men, from which it is inferred that an assault is to be made upon Sebastopol.

A bill has passed the Michigan Legislature, ordering the establishment of a chair of Homœopathic practice in the medical college of the People's University, at Ann Arbor.

In the United States there were, in 1850, 2555 persons over 100 years of age; in France there were only 102, though their population was nearly 36,000,000.

Kossuth's reputation among the English people may be estimated from the fact that the rush for the Sunday Times, for which he has become a constant contributor, is unexampled.

The appropriation for the Navy this year is fifteen and a half millions of dollars, and it is to be hoped that sum will be sufficient to place it on a more respectable footing.

Mr. Ames's portrait of Webster, which has been greatly admired, is on the way to England to be engraved.

Saturated solution of camphor is recommended as an antidote against the effects of strychnia.

A party of Oneidas have commenced giving concerts through Wisconsin.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Dexter Deering to Miss Theresa A. Young.

By Rev. Mr. Caldicott, Mr. Smith B. Harrington to Miss Kate W. Brown.

By Henry Upham, Esq., Mr. Edward Brown to Miss Sarah A. Lewis.

By Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. D. W. Russell to Miss Tirzah L. Baker.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Sykes, Mr. Edward B. Bowen to Miss Frances E. De Moyrid.

At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. J. Amory Davis to Miss Frances E. Amory.

At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. John C. Garland to Miss Elizabeth S. Ames.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Brewster, Mr. George L. Taylor to Miss Augusta J. Colton.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. James, Dr. Julius Y. Dewey to Mrs. Elizabeth G. Lilley.

At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Newhall, Mr. Norris Davis to Miss Jennette H. Phillips.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. George Ellwood to Miss Esther Hamilton.

At Kennebunkport, Mr. Horace Davis to Miss Abby Rankin.

At Hartford, Ct., Rev. Thomas S. Childs to Miss Mary E. Porter.

At Providence, R. I., Mr. B. Franklin Whitman to Miss Phebe Kendrick.

At Juniata, Kansas, Mr. George W. D. Botts to Mrs. Elizabeth Fales.

At Frankfort, Ky., Grant Green, Esq., to Miss Kate Overton.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Marian Sears Shaw; Mrs. Rebecca Horn, 22; Mr. Josiah Breed, 73; Mrs. Lucy Nutter, 35; Mr. James G. Heath; Mrs. Rebecca McDonald, 79; Mr. Christopher Hart, 57; Mrs. Sarah Thayer, 67; Mr. John S. Rogers, 59.

At West Cambridge, Mrs. Lucy, wife of Rev. Thaddeus Fiske, 88.

At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Rev. John Allen, 61.

At South Malden, Mrs. Esther, widow of the late Amos Sargent, 70.

At West Newton, Mrs. Mary Barker, widow of the late Aaron Barker, 68.

At Natick, Mrs. Almira A. Coolidge, wife of Dr. J. B. Coolidge, 31.

At Lynn, Mrs. Annie L. Swain, wife of Mr. O. H. Swain, 29.

At Salem, Mrs. Mary Ann Kiely, wife of Mr. Peter Kiely, 45.

At Ipswich, Captain Charles Treadwell, 66.

At Gloucester, Mr. William R. Robinson, 56.

At Plymouth, Mr. Daniel Church, 83.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Elizabeth P., daughter of Mr. John M. Swain, 2 years.

At Templeton, Miss Adelaide, daughter of Rev. Charles Wellington, 22.

At Northampton, Mrs. Susan M., wife of Mr. Charles S. Crouch, 25.

At Portland, Capt. Wm. Adie, 52; Elder Clement Phinney, 74.

At Port Huron, Mich., Feb. 1, Mrs. Almira F. Tyler, wife of Mr. S. B. Brown, 28, formerly of Greenville, Me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A COUNTRY LIFE.

BY JOHN H. BAZLEY.

In towns and cities thousands live,
Seeking for something which will give
  Large gains for little toil;
They strain their wits, distress their minds,
And call him smart or great, that finds
  Some new way to despoil.

How strange, that men of goodly parts
Will condescend to meanest arts,
  In trying to make cash;
Will shave, and screw, and swindle too,
Without regard to me or you,
  So they may cut a dash.

Why is it so? What mapia fills
Their silly heads and perverse wills,
  That thus they chase the wind;
Losing their health and manly minds,
Loosing each tie and grace that binds
  Us mortals to our kind.

Thrice blessed is a country life,
Far, far away, from fraud and strife,
  In some secluded spot;
Where killing cares are seldom found,
Where peace and plenty most abound,
  And friends are ne'er forgot.

Labor is God's command to man,
Happy are they who do, and can,
  Obey the great intent;
No artificial wants they'll crave,
Few sleepless nights, no thoughts that rave,
  But rest and sweet content.

The flocks and herds in fields and groves,
Lie down in shade, or feed in droves,
  Conscious that God is there;
The trees, plants, shrubs, around us rise,
Sweet flowers send incense to the skies,
  While fruit trees bloom and bear.

Nature's domains a concert hath,
Where birds with song, and caw, and call,
  Invoke the Deity;
The ploughman whistles o'er the land,
The milkmaid singeth blithe and bland,
  In sweet simplicity.

O give me then a country life,
Far, far away from pride and strife,
  Where happiness is found;
My wishes moderate and wise,
My passions tamed with modest guise,
  And all by love is crowned.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ROBERT DE MONTMERLE:

—OR,—

THE KNIGHT'S DEVOIR.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

The first real army of the Crusaders that had reached Asia Minor had traversed the burning sands and sterile mountains of Phrygia, and during their march they had exhibited many an act of prowess and prodigy of valor that had not only astonished the Saracens, but actually brought them to look on the Christian warriors as invincible. Great armies of the infidel Turks had been routed, the most renowned of the Moslem leaders had either been slain or taken prisoners, and thus far the Crusaders had overcome every obstacle. But the price had been most dear. The Saracen was not the only enemy that had been at work upon the Christian ranks. Sickness had laid its fatal hand on some of the fairest flowers of chivalry, and the gaunt giant, Famine, had stalked amongst them. Yet they had a noble army left, for ever and anon new companies came to join them—small bands of devoted men from France, from Italy, from Germany, and from other parts of the west. Thus was the Christian army kept alive on its way to the Holy City; and, but for these occasional reinforcements, the first Crusaders would never have reached Jerusalem.

Among the most important of the ancient cities that the Christians wished to possess, was Antioch, but before reaching this place it was necessary that they should make themselves masters of Artesia. This was the ancient Chalcis, and a city of considerable strength, and before its stout walls the army encamped. It was a fertile spot where the Christians had pitched their tents, and they resolved to rest awhile before commencing the attack.

Among the most showy and spacious of the Crusaders' tents, was that of Stephen, Count of Blois and Chartres, and the first glance at the silken hangings that guarded the entrance to the tent would convince one that the spacious awning was a thing of capture from the Saracens. Stephen was a stout knight, and his whole sum of true manhood for others was made up of physical prowess and fearless courage. But he was not alone in his travel. His wife and daughter had accompanied him, not only for companionship, but as contrite pilgrims to the tomb of Christ.

Constance was his daughter's name, and she was accounted the fairest maiden in the Christian camp. She had but just completed her seventeenth year of life, when she found herself the object of adoration by some of the boldest knights of Christendom. She was as beautiful as the first bright star of evening, and as pure and noble as she was beautiful. And she was brave, too, for with her own hand had she once saved her father's life, when a savage Saracen had aimed a sword thrust at the back of his neck in the Valley of Gorgoni. No wonder, then, that the unmarried knights looked with admiration on her, and strove with ardor to see who of them all should win the priceless jewel.

But the beautiful Constance returned not yet the love of a single knight. She nursed them when they were sick, and upon the field of battle she visited them with water and refreshments, and each knight, as he saw that lonely visitant, habited in her close fitting basque of shining mail, approach him with her gift of welcome refreshment, hoped that upon himself alone had her maidenly love been fixed. But when he saw her a moment afterwards, hastening away to assist another famishing knight, he sighed to think the noble love might not be his after all.

Among the knights that came to Count Stephen's tent, was one named Robert de Montmerle. He had not yet exhibited his prowess, if any he had, for he had only joined the army a week before, having arrived with a small party of French knights who had made their way from Constantinople. Robert de Montmerle was not over twenty years of age, and though his frame gave marks of some muscle, yet he was lightly built, and at the first glance seemed much better fitted to toy with damsels and beaux at court than to meet the reckless Saracen in battle. But could some of those who smiled scornfully on the youthful knight have seen his bosom bared, and his arms and shoulders stripped, they would have found some hard ridges of muscle and sinew there, such as few men possess. In short, the youth was too compact in frame and make to show his physical self, and only his deeds could speak truthfully for him.

Robert de Montmerle was admitted freely to Stephen's tent. He was a youth of singular beauty, and perhaps this was one reason why the stout knights affected to despise him. His hair was light in color, but glossy in its curling, neatly combed masses, and his eyes of a light, sparkling blue. His skin was fair, even to delicateness, and he took no pains to hide the care he had for his personal appearance.

Even in a day there sprang up a social intimacy between Robert and the beautiful Constance. He was from Nogent, and was well acquainted with many of the maiden's friends both in Blois and Chartres, so they found plenty to talk about. One evening Robert went to Stephen's tent, and he found that the count had gone out, and that the lady Adela had accompanied him. He conversed awhile with Constance, and when some half dozen stout knights had found their way into the tent, he moved nearer to the maiden, and in a whisper, he said:

"The air without is cool and refreshing, and the stars are all clear and bright. Would you not like to walk through the camp?"

Gladly did the fair girl accept this offer, and she had two reasons for so doing. First, the very sparkle of her eye told that she liked the youth's company, and second, the look that she cast upon the stout knights who had just entered the tent, seemed very plainly to show that she was not fond of their company—so she very politely informed them that her father would soon return, and then, without giving them time to reply, she followed Robert of Montmerle from the place.

It was a lovely evening, and Constance breathed the pure air with a sense of joy and gratitude. Silently they passed on among the knights and soldiers, and it was not until they had gained the out-posts of the camp, that the youth offered his hand. It was freely taken, and both felt a strange thrill of emotion as their mutual friendship thus manifested itself. On they walked until they had reached a small hill from the top of which they could see the dim outlines of the Christian camp, while further to their left arose the frowning towers and battlements of the Saracen city. The scene was one of strange interest, and each of the now silent companions dwelt upon such thoughts as came nearest to self. Constance shuddered as she thought that she should have to witness another scene of horrible carnage, while Robert's bosom swelled with hope as he thought that he was soon to strike his first blow towards wresting the birthright of Christendom from the hands of the infidel Saracen.

"Sometimes," said Constance, after a long silence, "I wish I had not come out here. I shall be happy if I live to look upon our Saviour's tomb, but the happiness will be purchased by a deal of suffering and misery."

"True," returned Robert. "But this suffering is one of our blessings, if we rightly regard it."

"Ay, suffering for the right," quickly added Constance. "But such suffering as I have passed through is misery alone. Alas, you know not yet the sin and abominations that blacken our camp. I could bear all of privation and toil, and of Saracen wickedness; but I did not think, when my mother and myself came to join my father at Constantinople, that I should see the sins of my own people so foul and rank."

"You speak truly," said the youthful knight, in a sad tone; "but we will remember that this evil is not general. We have many noble knights who are pure. But not so many as we might expect in such a holy cause. And yet, methinks all who know you should be only virtuous."

Constance gazed into her companion's face, and while a slight blush suffused her features, she resumed:

"Knowledge of me does not work such wonders as you may suppose. Ah, I wish I had the power to work reform in the souls of our knights. They are noble in some points, but they forget the religion they professed in their lives—in their daily walks. They are good at heart, but—"

The maiden did not finish the sentence, for she seemed to be wandering in her thoughts, and when she thus abruptly ceased speaking, she relapsed into a thoughtful silence.

When Robert again spoke, it was in a whisper, and he had pressed the fair white hand he held to his bosom.

"Lady," he said, and though his voice was tremulous, yet he did not hesitate, "I have been but a short time in the Christian camp, but I have been here long enough to find one star that shall ever lead me on to duty, and animate me with principles of true knighthood. Since boyhood's days, neither father nor mother has been mine to counsel or to guide; yet my good uncle has been a parent to me in every dutiful sense. But as time adds new experience to my span of life, I feel how desolate is that soul, and how prone to evil, that has no kindred flame—no mutual love—in its longings of life——You tremble, lady."

"No, no," murmured Constance. "Go on."

The knight spoke more boldly:

"I remember when I was a child, and both my parents lived, of a bright-eyed, joyous creature who came and spent a season beneath our roof. O, I can never forget the joy of those few boyish hours, nor can memory ever lose the impressions my soul received at that time. Long years have passed since then, but the image that at that time fixed itself upon my heart has only grown brighter and stronger with each succeeding year. Sometimes, since I have been cast alone upon the world, I have wondered if I should ever see that bright presence again—and at such times another thought would come—it comes in dreams and in waking thoughts. May not God give me some warm soul to blend itself with mine, and thus assist it in its labor for peace and joy? Have I offended?"

"No, no."

"And do you remember who came to me those long years ago?"

"Was it Constance of Blois?"

"Yes."

"I remember the time well," said the maiden, looking down upon the grass.

"And during the years that have since rolled by, have you found one upon whom your maiden love could rest with hope and promise?"

"None beside the boy who then whispered his childish wisdom to me, and promised to become my protecting knight in manhood."

Constance gazed full into her companion's face as she spoke, and by the dim starlight he could see a tear upon her cheek, and a look of holy truth and frankness upon her features.

"You do not, you cannot, mean to deceive me now," the youth cried, in trembling accents.

"I never mean to deceive," was the maiden's reply.

"And you could love me, now?"

"I could blend my soul with yours, and give you heart for heart."

Robert of Montmerle clasped the lovely being to his bosom, and while the joyous tears streamed down his cheeks, he murmured:

"God bless thee ever, angel of life and love, and when my heart turns from thee, or my soul conceives evil, then may this blessed moment be snatched from my memory."

The dew was falling heavily now, and soon they turned their steps towards the camp. They conversed on the way, but only one theme occupied their minds. The love that had been smouldering in their bosoms from childhood had now burst into a bright, pure flame, and they dwelt upon it proudly and hopefully. When they entered the tent of the Count Stephen, they found some dozen knights assembled there, and they all looked ominously upon the youth, for all of them had laid some hopes upon the possession of the hand of Constance.

"How now, Sir Robert of Montmerle?" cried Stephen, as the youthful knight came in. "And you, too, my daughter? Where have ye been?"

This question seemed addressed to both, but Robert answered:

"We have been upon the little hill just to the eastward of our camp."

The youth spoke tremulously and a burning flush was upon his face. The old knight noticed it, and upon his face there dwelt a look of anger. He was a proud man, and his pride more than all else ruled his actions. He was a brave man sometimes, and stout, but he was not a valiant knight, for often upon the field of battle did he tremble and turn pale, and he sometimes fled from that which many of his companions would have joyed to meet. Yet he loved a brave, fearless man, and he could almost worship that nobleman who crossed him not in power, but yet exhibited the character of one who knew not fear. It was Stephen's vast wealth that gave him station in the army of the Crusaders, for he was not a general, and but an indifferent soldier.

"By my faith, sir knight of the flaxen ringlets," he said, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, "you take upon yourself a wondrous duty, and do it coolly, too, as I live! What if some stray Saracen had come upon ye away from the camp? By the rood I had lost my child, and you, your dainty head."

Robert's handsome face worked a moment with passion, but he quickly drove it away, and then he replied:

"My noble Count of Blois, know that Robert de Montmerle never leads his friends where he cannot defend them. I have not forgotten yet the first duty of the true knight?"

"And who made you a knight?" asked Stephen, half derisively.

"My king," proudly returned the youth.

"Then I think you had better have remained at the court of our good king, for by my soul your sword is much better fitted for the dainty tournament of the royal list than for the rough usage of our camp."

The knights who stood around laughed aloud as the count thus spoke, for they liked not the delicate youth, nor could they idly pass the preference which the coveted Constance evidently gave him. Yet Robert allowed not his passion to run away with him. With a firm will he grappled it and put it down, and then he replied:

"True knighthood is written in deeds—not in looks. As I came from the court of the Greek Emperor hither, I met many of your stout, brave looking knights hastening back to Europe. They had come to see the tomb of Christ, but they dared not the dangers."

"And will you see the Holy City?" Stephen quickly asked.

"If I live, and some one will lead the way, or deign to follow."

This reply, spoken firmly, but yet with that modesty which ever marks true bravery, silenced the count for a while, though none of his contempt for the extreme youth of the knight seemed to be gone. He gazed upon his daughter, and when he noticed the flash of her dark eye, and the indignant flush of her cheeks and brow, a new idea possessed him, and all thoughts of moderation and sympathy were gone. He turned again to the youth, and said:

"You were gone long in your ramble. What did you find to talk about the while?"

"Of various matters, sir."

"But of some one in particular I would know."

Robert found the keen, searching eye of the powerful noble fixed upon him, and he read in that glance a suspicion of the truth. Had he been alone with the count he would have spoken without fear or hesitation, but he could not do so with so many knights standing about, and his confusion was manifest.

"By the holy rood!" exclaimed Stephen, now lost to reason, "I begin to see the drift of this affair. You have been talking love to the Lady Constance."

The fair girl sank tremblingly upon a seat, and she would have fallen backwards, but for the quick eye and quicker movement of Robert, who sprang to her side and caught her in his arms. The girl's attendants were called, and after she had been removed to the female's apartment, the count spoke with more vehemence.

"Presumptuous boy!" he cried, "do you dare aspire to the hand of the Lady Constance? Speak?"

"Why should I not?" answered the youth, recovering himself with a powerful effort.

"Why should you not?" derisively exclaimed the count. "Why should not the fox mate with the lion? Stephen of Blois and Chartres is the richest man in France. His estates are so numerous that he may dwell in a new one of his own in each day in the year. There are noble knights asking for the lady's hand, and think ye that it can be given to one who has neither wealth, station, nor yet the prowess of a true knight?"

"Stephen of Blois, you do not know me," pronounced the youth. He did not speak angrily, for a knowledge of the baron's great power awed him in a measure. He knew that Stephen was one of the most powerful barons of the kingdom, and that gave him rank.

"And for that reason, if for no other, should I forbid all further intimacy with my child," replied the count, with considerable promptness.

"And how many knights have you in the camp who can claim more wealth than the mere arms they carry with them, and the men who fight for them?"

As Robert spoke thus, he gazed around upon the knights who were present. He knew them to be brave men, but he also knew that all their wealth lay in hopes of the future and their own good swords.

"Many of our knights are poor in lands and money, I know," said Stephen; "but their swords are talismans that shall in time to come open the golden mine to them."

Robert of Montmerle remained silent a few moments, and during those moments he quelled a great many quick, rising passions. When he spoke, all was subdued and calm.

"My Lord of Blois," he said, "you once told me, it was the day before yesterday—that I might fight beneath your banner with my few followers. You will not take that privilege from me?"

The count was too anxious to maintain his position of importance to the Crusaders, to lose the opportunity of attaching good men to his banner, for the spirit of chivalry among the chiefs ran high, even to quarrel and open rebellion. Robert had some stout men-at-arms at his command—men who had followed him from the mountain fastnesses of Lorraine, where he had finished his education in arms under the tutorship of an old knight who had been a friend of his father—and hence his company was worth having. Of course the count acceded to the implied request, and Robert withdrew, but he was not so quick in his movement but that he was obliged to hear a taunt that was thrown out by one of the knights, to the effect that the first onset of the Saracens would "frighten that boy till he had found refuge among the women!" Then there was a loud laugh.

"Never mind," cried Stephen. "He has some good men with him, and we can afford to put up with his foppishness, for the sake of their stout arms."

"By the life of my soul, we shall see!" muttered the youth, as he strode away from the tent; and he clutched his sword-hilt fiercely.

* * * * *

The tent of Robert de Montmerle was upon the southern confines of the camp, near to the walls of the Saracen city. When he reached it, after having left the grand marquee of the Count of Blois, he called his men-at-arms about him, and told them something of what had passed. When he spoke of the indignity which Stephen had heaped upon him, the stout fellows clapped their hands upon their sword-hilts and at a word from their young master, they would have faced the whole camp.

"Hold," said Robert, "we will have a noble revenge. "Bring me my armor, and take ye your own, and let us see that every part is sound. Let every battle-axe and spear-head be seen to, and just run your fingers upon the edges of your swords while you are at it."

The men set to work, and their youthful leader worked with them, and while he worked, he disclosed somewhat of his plans, and when he had told all he could, his men were only too anxious to follow him, for death had no terrors for them. Until near midnight, the guard who paced up and down by the post which had been established near that place, heard the chink of hammers within the tent of the young French knight; and others heard it too, but they dreamed not what it all meant.

On the following morning the brave and noble Tancred rode about the camp, and Robert of Montmerle stopped him and spoke with him. Soon the haughty Norman, Bohemond, now a prince of Italy, and one of the great generals of the Crusade, rode up, and the three conversed together for some minutes, and then separated, upon which Robert went back to his tent.

That morning, too, there were loud murmurs arose from some of the more ardent of the soldiers of the cross, for they wished to be on their way to Jerusalem, and would have Artesia taken, but the leaders quieted them as best they could.

The sun was well up, clear of the mountains and tree-tops, when a murmur of indignation arose from the Christian camp, and all eyes were turned to the walls of the city. There, upon the battlements, walked a gigantic Saracen, clothed in full armor, and with loud taunts he defied the Christians. This he had done every morning since the Crusaders had encamped there. He was of such huge proportions, that even Bohemond, who stood nearly a head taller than any other man in the army, seemed a dwarf by his side.

"Why will not God strike the infidel dog dead?" cried Raymond of Toulouse. "See how he insults the Prince of our salvation!"

As this was spoken the giant Saracen had seized a rude cross, which he held before him and spit upon it, and abused it in all ways he could contrive, even to such as would shock modesty. The arrows and javelins of the Crusaders flew around him like hail, but they harmed him not.

While the Christian army was filled with murmurs, and while the chiefs were assuring their followers that the city should soon be attacked, a murmur of surprise came from the south-western quarter of the camp, and in a few moments more, a steel-clad knight, followed by five-and-twenty stout men-at-arms, rode out in front of the Christian army. He faced the brave Tancred, and raised his vizor.

"'Tis the young knight of France, as I live!" cried Tancred.

"Robert of Montmerle!" uttered Stephen of Blois, in astonishment.

"By the power of the true cross," exclaimed Baldwin of Hainault, bringing his fist down on his mailed hip, "never did a more comely knight bestride a saddle!"

And surely these observations were just, for the youthful knight did bear himself with surpassing dignity upon his noble horse, and his movements were as easy and graceful as though no massive weight of metal had borne him down.

Then Robert turned his horse towards the walls of the infidel city, and when he had come near enough, he hailed the Saracen giant and challenged him to mortal combat. But the infidel only laughed and spit towards him, and jeered him on account of his "baby-face," for Robert's face was bare.

"Out upon thee, infidel dog!" cried our youthful hero. "And are ye a coward as well as a beast? I defy both you and your base-born prophet. I spit upon Mahomet as I would upon a toad, for he was but a coward villain; and ye are all cowards after him. Does not this very thing prove it? If ye loved your prophet, would ye not come down to punish the boy who thus dared to hurl deadly defiance at him and all his followers?"

Upon this the Saracen warrior uttered a loud cry and disappeared from the walls, and soon afterwards an infidel with a white flag in his hand, rode out from the city. He rode first to Robert, and then to the Christian camp, and he was promised, that if the Saracen would come out with an equal number of followers with Robert, none others should interfere.

Soon the giant infidel, mounted upon a powerful horse, rode out from the city, followed by five-and-twenty soldiers. The Crusaders were crowded together in spots where they could see the combat, and they filled the air with their acclamations. Robert of Montmerle looked towards the tent of the Count of Blois, and he saw Constance wave her scarf. This nerved his arm more than did all the wild shouts of the soldiers, and when he closed his vizor, he was sure of victory.

Yet the Crusaders were not of his mind. They knew his youth, and they thought him inexperienced. They knew not the rigid course of practice he had followed.

"By my soul," cried Raymond, with real feeling, "'tis too bad that the impetuous youth should thus throw himself away. A few more years would make him valuable to the cause of God."

And the other brave leaders agreed with him.

But in a moment all cries were hushed, for Robert had drawn his sword and was now riding forward to meet his foe. He disdained to use his lance, seeing that the Saracen had none. They met, the giant and the youth—and their swords clashed together. Robert handled a massive weapon, but it seemed only a rapier in his grasp. The Saracen came to the contest with a loud laugh.

"Now, Christian dog!" he cried, "I'll send thee after thy countrymen that have already gone to the grave of the infidel!"

And as he spoke, he raised himself in his saddle and aimed a blow that could have cleaved the Christian from head to foot, steel and all, but Robert was prepared for this—he knew from the fellow's movements he would strike thus, and with a steady, keen glance, he watched the foeman's sword, and when it was just started from its poise, he inclined his body quickly to the right, covering his left shoulder and side with his polished shield. The sword of the Saracen of course glanced off upon the smooth buckler without harm, but the movement was not all complete in its consequences. Just as the infidel's weapon struck the shield, Robert's quick eye caught a wide crevice below his left arm, which was raised to give more force to the blow he had just made, and swift as lightning the youth plunged his trenchant blade between the plates, and the giant's body was pierced through and through, and as our hero quickly withdrew his reeking point, the Saracen's life-blood gushed forth in a jetting stream. Twice he swung his gleaming cimetar aloft, but his head quickly bent forward, and as Robert of Montmerle drew his horse back, the body of the huge Saracen tumbled upon the earth.

A deafening shout went up from the Christian camp, and from the battlements of the infidel city arose groans of anger and despair, for he was their emir who had fallen.

"By the holy kingdom, what means the knight now?" cried Tancred.

"As I live he is making for the city!" answered Raymond of Toulouse, in rank astonishment.

And so he was. As soon as their leader had fallen, the five-and-twenty Saracen followers fled towards the city, and with a loud cry, Robert roused his brave men-at-arms, and gave them chase. The gate was opened to admit the faithful, the wardens little dreaming that the Chris-

tians would dare to follow. But they
taken. Robert had now sheathed his
drawn his battle axe. With one blo
the warden, and then rushed into t
steel clad men following close behin
when he had fairly gained the city
stood, with his brave men about him
the gate open, fighting thus in the v
the Christian army. The enraged S
crowded about him, eager to avenge t
their emir, but he was invincible. T
fore his stout axe in heaps, and soon
valor seemed to fill the infidels with t

"Now by the Lord of our salvati
Godfrey, springing upon his horse a
his sword, "if that brave knight keep
open, the city is ours!"

Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred, I
and a score more of brave knights w
in their saddles, and calling on their
low them, they dashed away towar
gate where Robert of Montmerle w
forming prodigies of valor.

The Christian knights reached th
passed through, and soon afterward
of the Crusaders began to pour in
Robert leaped from his horse, and ha
a roll from beneath his saddle, he drew
and cut his way up to the top of the
there he planted the standard of Blois
tres upon the battlements, with the
floating by his side.

By this simple act the brave yout
city up to Stephen, acknowledging hi
follower of the count.

Of course none could deny the ju
and Stephen of Blois became the gov
Saracen city. In the presence of the v
he embraced Robert of Montmerle,
his pardon for the words of anger a
had spoken.

"Now by the sacred cross, nob
spoke the brave Tancred, "you have
yet. I heard you say that you would
fair daughter to some knight who s
by his bravery and skill that he was
tect her. Now, upon my soul, there i
Christendom a braver knight than
has this day proved to be."

Constance blushed and hung down
and Robert trembled with anxiety;
only for the moment, for very quick
spoke:

"Robert of Montmerle," he said,
daughter forward and placing her h
that of the bold youth, "you have g
a city, and I feel happy in thus givin
wife. And if you shall love her as I
her, all the cities of earth could not
you."

Then the noble Adhemar, bishop o
his armor on, and his heavy sword
ing upon his hip, came gladly forwar
quickly Robert of Montmerle and C
Blois were made one for life, and fro
vast assembly went up a shout tha
very city quake.

Robert went on to Antioch and he
that powerful city, and he was a
happy ones who entered into Jerusal
ed plant the standard of the Cro
walls of the Holy City. He saw G
king of Jerusalem, and then he ret
native France, where he found a jo
ful home with his lovely wife, and
long years he held the palm of knigh
all competitors. But in all his lif
years had filled up his frame with m
cle, he never did a knightly deed
eclipse or even equal that noble dev
he captured a city and won a wife.

THE PEA-NUT SELLER'S TR

A correspondent of the New York
Standard, writing from Atalanta,
following capital story, which he en
Pea-nut Seller's Triumph: or, Youn
Revenge." If it makes our read
inextinguishably as it has us, we
"One day a pea-nut and candy-selli
the railroad station, was rudely pu
platform by the conductor of the f
His wrath was great, and he detern
should be the spring of equal great a
his foe. His heaving bosom—contra
compressed lips—clenched hand—fl
and half-uttered 'by gum, if I don
pay for that, then I'm mistaken!' all
a dreadful retribution awaited the c
ductor of the freight train. Young A
his stock that day with unusual rap
sold at half price, and was diligent
ness. He 'raised' twenty five cent
it, he purchased a piece of fat pork.

"The 'grade' at Atalanta is very
heavy freight trains, when going
seldom exceed the rate of three m
until they reach a certain distance f
Young America attached a piece of
pork—and, accompanied by anoth
went down to the place where the gr
est. 'Now, look y'e here,' said th
to his companion, and as he placed
on the rail, 'you take hold of that s
me along.' He squatted down on
was trailed up and down on both r
half a mile. Of course the rail w
ed! The freight train came up. I
'no go!' For two days the engin
puffed in a vain attempt at progres
ductor was finally obliged to ca
another engine. Thus concludeth
the Pea-nut Seller's Triumph: or, Y
ica's Revenge."

BE SHORT.

Why not? What is the use of
given to long-windedness, study th
so as to find the precise word to
meaning. This seems a queer ru
cogent reasons for its use. The
some employ half a dozen adjecti
well chosen would answer better, is
not recall the exact word they need
for another. Sometimes a verbos
of attempting by grand words, sig
and nothing else, to give the impress
edge. No language is like fit lang
does not belittle the idea, and which
expressed does not belittle.—*Nashv*

Kind and benevolent propensit
original growth of the heart of man
ever checked and overtopped by
nations that have since sprung u
have still some force in the worst of
a considerable influence on the best

lers had encamped there.
proportions, that even Bo-
nearly a head taller than
army, seemed a dwarf by
iod strike the infidel dog
nd of Toulouse. "See
ace of our salvation !"
n the giant Saracen had
which he held before him
abused it in all ways he
to such as would shock
and javelins of the Cru-
like hail, but they harm-
army was filled with mur-
hiefs were assuring their
should soon be attacked,
came from the south-
camp, and in a few mo-
lad knight, followed by
men-at-arms, rode out in
rmy. He faced the brave
vizor.
ght of France, as I live!"
rle!" uttered Stephen of
e true cross," exclaimed
ringing his fist down on
lid a more comely knight
ervations were just, for
l bear himself with sur-
his noble horse, and his
y and graceful as though
metal had borne him
l his horse towards the
, and when he had come
the Saracen giant and
al combat. But the infi-
it towards him, and jeer-
is "baby-face," for Rob-
nfidel dog!" cried our
re ye a coward as well as
you and your base-born
Iahomet as I would upon
coward villain; and ye
m. Does not this very
ed your prophet, would
unish the boy who thus
iance at him and all his
warrior uttered a loud
n the walls, and soon af-
a white flag in his hand,
He rode first to Robert,
an camp, and he was
Saracen would come out
followers with Robert,
fere.
, mounted upon a pow-
m the city, followed by
The Crusaders were
ts where they could see
led the air with their ac-
Montmerle looked to-
nt of Blois, and he saw
arf. This nerved his
e wild shouts of the sol-
his vizor, he was sure
not of his mind. They
thought him inexpe-
ot the rigid course of
Raymond, with real
t the impetuous youth
elf away. A few more
luable to the cause of
aders agreed with him.
ries were hushed, for
rd and was now riding
. He disdained to use
he Saracen had none.
the youth—and their
Robert handled a mas-
d only a rapier in his
e to the contest with
" he cried, "I'll send
that have already gone
!"
raised himself in his
hat could have cleav-
to foot, steel and all,
or this—he knew from
would strike thus, and
e, he watched the foe-
was just started from
body quickly to the
houlder and side with
sword of the Saracen
n the smooth buckler
ovement was not all
ces. Just as the infi-
hield, Robert's quick
below his left arm,
nore force to the blow
wift as lightning the
ant blade between the
was pierced through
ero quickly withdrew
en's life-blood gushed
Twice he swung his
ut his head quickly
rt of Montmerle drew
of the huge Saracen
p from the Christian
ments of the infidel
and despair, for he
en.
hat means the knight
for the city!" an-
se, in rank astonish-
as their leader had
aracen followers fled
a loud cry, Robert
ms, and gave them
d to admit the faith-
ning that the Chris-

tians would dare to follow. But they were mistaken. Robert had now sheathed his sword and drawn his battle-axe. With one blow he felled the warden, and then rushed into the city, his steel-clad men following close behind him, and when he had fairly gained the city, there he stood, with his brave men about him, and kept the gate open, fighting thus in the very sight of the Christian army. The enraged Mussulmen crowded about him, eager to avenge the death of their emir, but he was invincible. They fell before his stout axe in heaps, and soon his heroic valor seemed to fill the infidels with terror.

"Now by the Lord of our salvation!" cried Godfrey, springing upon his horse and drawing his sword, "if that brave knight keeps the gate open, the city is ours!"

Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred, Bohemond, and a score more of brave knights were quickly in their saddles, and calling on their men to follow them, they dashed away towards the open gate where Robert of Montmerle was still performing prodigies of valor.

The Christian knights reached the gate and passed through, and soon afterwards the army of the Crusaders began to pour into the city. Robert leaped from his horse, and having taken a roll from beneath his saddle, he drew his sword and cut his way up to the top of the wall, and there he planted the standard of Blois and Chartres upon the battlements, with the red cross floating by his side.

By this simple act the brave youth gave the city up to Stephen, acknowledging himself but a follower of the count.

Of course none could deny the justice of this, and Stephen of Blois became the governor of a Saracen city. In the presence of the whole army he embraced Robert of Montmerle, and asked his pardon for the words of anger and slight he had spoken.

"Now by the sacred cross, noble count," spoke the brave Tancred, "you have not done yet. I heard you say that you would give your fair daughter to some knight who should show by his bravery and skill that he was able to protect her. Now, upon my soul, there is not in all Christendom a braver knight than this youth has this day proved to be."

Constance blushed and hung down her head; and Robert trembled with anxiety; but it was only for the moment, for very quickly Stephen spoke:

"Robert of Montmerle," he said, leading his daughter forward and placing her hand within that of the bold youth, "you have given to me a city, and I feel happy in thus giving to you a wife. And if you shall love her as I have loved her, all the cities of earth could not buy her of you."

Then the noble Adhemar, bishop of Puy, with his armor on, and his heavy sword still hanging upon his hip, came gladly forward, and very quickly Robert of Montmerle and Constance of Blois were made one for life, and from the whole vast assembly went up a shout that made the very city quake.

Robert went on to Antioch and helped subdue that powerful city, and he was among those happy ones who entered into Jerusalem and helped plant the standard of the Cross upon the walls of the Holy City. He saw Godfrey made king of Jerusalem, and then he returned to his native France, where he found a joyous, peaceful home with his lovely wife, and where, for long years he held the palm of knighthood above all competitors. But in all his life, even after years had filled up his frame with more of muscle, he never did a knightly deed that could eclipse or even equal that noble devoir by which he captured a city and won a wife.

THE PEA-NUT SELLER'S TRIUMPH.

A correspondent of the New York Anti-slavery Standard, writing from Atalanta, Ga., tells the following capital story, which he entitles, "The Pea-nut Seller's Triumph: or, Young America's Revenge." If it makes our readers laugh as inextinguishably as it has us, we pity them. "One day a pea-nut and candy-selling urchin at the railroad station, was rudely pushed off the platform by the conductor of the freight train. His wrath was great, and he determined that it should be the spring of equal great annoyance to his foe. His heaving bosom—contracted brow—compressed lips—clenched hand—flashing eye—and half-uttered 'by gum, if I don't make you pay for that, then I'm mistaken!' all proved that a dreadful retribution awaited the devoted conductor of the freight train. Young America sold his stock that day with unusual rapidity—for he sold at half-price, and was diligent at his business. He 'raised' twenty-five cents; and with it, he purchased a piece of fat pork.

"The 'grade' at Atalanta is very steep; and heavy freight trains, when going at full speed, seldom exceed the rate of three miles an hour until they reach a certain distance from the city. Young America attached a piece of string to the pork—and, accompanied by another juvenile, went down to the place where the grade is steepest. 'Now, look y'e here,' said the pea-nut sel- to his companion, and as he placed the fat pork on the rail, 'you take hold of that string and pull me along.' He squatted down on the pork, and was trailed up and down on both rails for about half a mile. Of course the rail was well greased! The freight train came up. It was literally 'no go!' For two days the engine vigorously puffed in a vain attempt at progress. The conductor was finally obliged to call the aid of another engine. Thus concludeth the history of the Pea-nut Seller's Triumph: or, Young America's Revenge."

BE SHORT.

Why not? What is the use of *dwelling*. If given to long-windedness, study the dictionary, so as to find the precise word to express your meaning. This seems a queer rule, but it has cogent reasons for its use. The reason why some employ half a dozen adjectives when one well chosen would answer better, is that they cannot recall the exact word they need. They fish for another. Sometimes a verbose style comes of attempting by grand words, signifying sound and nothing else, to give the impression of knowledge. No language is like fit language, which does not belittle the idea, and which the idea to be expressed does not belittle.—*Nashua Oasis.*

Kind and benevolent propensities were the original growth of the heart of man; and, however checked and overtopped by counter inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MIDNIGHT.

BY HARRY BANES.

When comes the calm and solemn midnight hour,
And through the lattice peeps the mellow moon,
My youthful soul doth feel a secret power,
That wakes within a spirit-tune.

The midnight hour—the time for purest thought—
The hour to wake sweet memories of the past—
The hour when youth's bright palace-hopes are wrought
Too high to stand the world's rude blast.

The hour when all within is solitude,
When most we search the secrets of the soul;
When most our thoughts are of the pure, the good,
And angels whisper with their sweet control.

This is the hour when poets love to hold
Communion with the things of heavenly birth;
When all their thoughts are free, and uncontrolled
By the alluring charms of earth.

I love this hour—one blessed hour like this,
When all have quaffed the dewy drops of sleep,
Brings to my soul more light, more bliss,
Than years within their bosoms keep.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MRS. JOHNSON'S PROPHECY.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

"I GIVE it as my opinion, Mr. Johnson, that our neighbor Maynard wont always have the money he now has to spend foolishly. In times like these nobody knows over what a crater he may be standing, and Mr. Maynard will be the first to feel the crash. That's my opinion. See if my prophecy does not come true."

Mr. Johnson looked over the top of the newspaper he was holding in his hand, and answered rather seriously:

"And for the reason that no one can know his real safety or danger in times of such depression in trade as these, it should make us particularly careful how we breathe suspicions of others. Our neighbor Maynard, to all appearance, stands on much firmer ground to-day than our own firm, for there are many circumstances in his position that will be likely to screen him from those peculiar embarrassments that we, poor dogs, feel seriously."

"But such extravagance," chimed in Mrs. Johnson; "such an outlay of money. I, for one, prophesy a bottom to the purse, and that, too, in a time not far distant."

"Pray, don't speak in that careless way of our neighbor's affairs," replied Mr. Johnson, who was a timid man, and above all things dreaded to hear business affairs talked over by the women. A word of suspicion whispered now might do a world of harm, and his own footing, as he had hinted, was none too firm. He evidently did not like to hear subjects of this nature discussed anywhere, much less at home; so breathing another caution to his wife, he took his cane and walked briskly off to his place of business.

Mrs. Johnson's prophecy was simply her *wish* in the matter. This morning she was smarting over a fresh wound inflicted by her neighbor's wife, Mrs. Maynard; and this outburst, and remarkable foresight, was merely an outlet for the pique under which she was suffering. Mrs. Maynard had, the night previous, given another of her elegant entertainments, and Mrs. Johnson had not received a card of invitation. This had happened before, many times each year for the last ten years, but Mrs. Johnson did not get used to the neglect of her old friend, and every recurring season of gaiety at their neighbor's sumptuous home added fuel to the already kindled flame of social jealousy.

Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Maynard had been friends in their earlier days, and were on terms of more than ordinary intimacy. Mrs. Johnson married first, and took her place in society a step or two in advance of her former position. Her husband entered business life under more than usual advantages, for his name was now seen attached to one of the largest and most popular firms in the city. He had little capital to invest, but having done long and faithful service to his employers as salesman, had now the good fortune to be taken in as junior partner of the firm.

The young wife was somewhat elated at this unexpected stroke of good fortune, and not knowing exactly how to bear her new honors gracefully, began by "cutting" all her former friends and associates. Nor did she do this with a dignity that would silence censure, for she childishly paraded her superiority in ways that stamped her at once as wanting in true politeness, to say nothing of womanly feeling and delicacy.

Her old friend and schoolmate married a year later a man in mercantile life, who had commenced in a small, unpretending way. Twenty other young men, like himself, started business on the same street, and many of them with far better prospects of success than James Maynard. Some had capital, others had influential friends, rich relatives, or some social advantage to help them on, while many had nothing but a small credit, and a few shelves of goods at their disposal.

For a few years, competition was the only rule of trade among the ambitious tradespeople. Every means, honest or dishonest, was brought to bear upon this matter of bread or no bread, of success or failure.

James Maynard had one advantage over his neighbors; he had business talent, and understood human nature in all its various phases, and thus knew how to adapt himself to the community about him to gain their good will and regard. The result was, that Maynard's business increased rapidly. He made friends of everybody; his extreme good nature and pleasing address brought about him people far above him in social position. So, step by step, he ascended that tottling ladder, upon which so many slip, never again to regain a foothold; and many looked on with wonder and jealousy to see him standing erect and firm on the very spot from which they had been hurled by some stroke of unfriendly fortune.

When Mr. and Mrs. Maynard first settled as neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, the latter was in the full tide of her social glory, and did not see fit to notice her more humble acquaintance. She would pass her in the street without a look of recognition, and took every opportunity to display her more elegant style of living to the gaze of her cast-off friend.

We may thus understand with what feelings of mortification and chagrin Mrs. Johnson noticed the rapid ascent of her despised neighbors on that same ladder of wealth and personal distinction upon which all were eagerly scrambling for ascendency. But in the press and strife for pre-eminence, Mrs. Johnson was forced to stand aside and see her more fortunate acquaintance stepping up before her. Mrs. Maynard, with the bitter remembrance of neglect still rankling in her heart, with the most condescending air, moved gracefully on past her old friend, and soon left her writhing with jealous pangs far in the back ground.

What woman lives in these golden days, when wealth and fine equipage stamp the "nobility," who is so permeated by principle, as to return good for evil in the strife for the highest places in fashion and social distinction? If there are such women, we find them not in the midst of the false glare and superficial splendors of city life. There is a fascination in this scramble for the top-round that urges on more than one woman against her better impulses. Mrs. Johnson and Maynard were by no means model women, but fair specimens of the class of women among whom they moved.

We return to Mrs. Johnson, the morning after the party. Mr. Johnson went to his place of business, and soon forgot his annoyance at the suspicions of his wife, in his more pressing duties. Mrs. Johnson arrayed herself in her finest outfit, and went out to make calls. She first rung the bell at the house of her intimate friend, Mrs. Jones, living a few doors below her, on the same street. Of course the conversation turned on the brilliant appearance of their neighbor's house the evening previous. Mrs. Johnson, in a very serious, confidential tone, gave Mrs. Jones *her* private opinion of the affairs of Mr. Maynard, and repeated her prophecy.

Mrs. Jones fully agreed with Mrs. Johnson, and before the ladies parted they had talked themselves into the belief, that Mr. Maynard was living too fast by far for his means; that if his business was investigated, it would be found resting on a hollow foundation; that he now lived simply on the credit of the past years; the slightest breath blowing from an unfavorable direction would upset the whole fabric, and precipitate him into a gulf of poverty, and perhaps dishonesty.

Mrs. Johnson went on with her calls, and Mrs. Jones busied herself in dressing up the story a little more tastefully to present to her husband on his return to dinner. It would be a nice tit-bit of mercantile gossip for him, for Mr. Jones was one of the twenty men who commenced life together on —— Street, and he had been by no means as successful as many of his neighbors, and especially had he reason to regret his location near a man of the superior business talents of Mr. Maynard. He, too, was tinged with a breath of the same spirit of jealousy.

Mr. Jones took the report along with him the next day, as he went to his business on —— Street. A night's meditation on the subject had not taken off from the fabrication, and when it entered the mart of trade it did ample honor to its originator. It was even a more plausible story than Mrs. Johnson herself could have believed it possible to become.

The morning was dull; nothing doing—nothing whatever. The shopkeepers and clerks were watching up and down the stores, with their hands in their pockets, or standing by the windows, making remarks on the pretty women who passed in their gay bonnets and dresses. Mr. Jones thought he might as well step across the street, and have a friendly chat with Smith, and find out how the world used him, nor did he forget to set the ball in motion in regard to Maynard's affairs.

A week after this, Mr. Maynard, on entering his place of business, found his salesmen in the greatest commotion, and he was somewhat surprised during the day to have presented to him one bill after another—some for three months', others for six and twelve months' service in his employ. Twenty such bills calling for payment was not a very agreeable sight just at that time, but he supposed that the panic of failure that was flying about the city had reached them, and believed it best to settle the bills at whatever inconvenience. Thus he should quiet the fears and restore the confidence of his salesmen. He did so at once.

By-and-by an old money acquaintance dropped in, and he, too, presented a note for settlement of a loan of money of large amount. Mr. Maynard expostulated, and urged that it was impossible in times of such depression in trade to meet these large demands. Nobody could do it—it was folly to talk about it. People must live by accommodating each other, and helping each other to sustain themselves until a change would come and set all right again.

No, no—the man was not inclined to live by any such rule. In fact, he had heard the reports of Mr. Maynard's danger, and hastened to save himself before the final crash.

This state of things continued for many days. Every man had listened to the suspicions set afloat, and was ready to believe the most extravagant statements about his neighbors, and consequently all rushed at once with their small or large demands, clamoring for payment.

The thing could not be done. Not a half dozen men in mercantile life in the city could bear such a test. The greatest excitement prevailed among business people. If Maynard, with his credit and reputed wealth, could not sustain himself, who could? He did not, could not, sustain himself under the then existing circumstances. The crash came, and great was the fall.

In one month from the brilliant entertainment, Mrs. Johnson had the refined pleasure of seeing the shutters of the elegant mansion of her neighbor Maynard closed, and the house vacated, and that same day she read with a peculiar feeling of self-congratulation, the notice of a large sale of bankrupt goods.

"There, Mr. Johnson, what do you say now? Was I not right in my prophecies?"

"For once you were," groaned her husband; but it was wholly unlooked for in the business world. We may go next; pray, don't exult."

"O, no. I am sure I regret the ill fortune of my old friend, Mrs. Maynard. But pride must have a fall, and it is just what I have foreseen for a year. By the way, Mr. Johnson, I would like a hundred-dollar bill if you have it by you. I shall certainly attend the sale of the bankrupt stock. Goods can be bought at half cost at such times, and now is the time to make purchases."

Mrs. Johnson did not get the hundred-dollar bill. Mr. Johnson did not happen to have it in his pocket-book that day; but with half the sum she succeeded in purchasing an elegant dress, precisely the pattern she had so much admired on Mrs. Maynard, and sitting down to admire and gloat over her treasure, bought at such a bargain, she muttered to herself:

"'No great loss without some small gain.' Had not Maynard gone into bankruptcy, I should not have had the long-desired brocade. God forbid that we should go next! Husband is a sorry croaker. I shall economize, and do what I can to keep expenses reduced. If somebody else of my acquaintance had done the same, they would not have been where they now are."

Extravagance in times like these *is* a sin.

"I wonder what dressmaker Mrs. Maynard employed. I must make inquiries, and get this superb dress ready for Mrs. Wilkins's next entertainment."

[Translated from the German for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SPIDER.

BY WILLIAM A. KENYON.

"OUT, you spider!" people are often heard to exclaim, when they choose to evince their displeasure or disgust. And so the poor little innocent spider is pushed into the place of the evil one, who might otherwise be exclaimed against in similar circumstances. But in this a palpable wrong is committed towards the spider, for which the fair sex are especially to blame, they being proverbially careful to be its bitterest enemies. Who but the spider taught women knitting, netting, and crotchet work? Who else showed the fisherman and the rope-maker how seines and ropes were to be made? Even the carpenter appears to have been her pupil. There are enumerated one thousand different co-existent species of spiders. Is there, among the one thousand millions of men who inhabit the earth, one thousand armies whose warriors, either by their size, their figure, their color, their cast of countenance, their clothing and equipments, are so essentially distinguishable one from another?

These little creatures, however, on their part, might be styled highway robbers, sea robbers and air robbers, or air fishers, and know sufficiently well all the avenues, passages and byways where there is any rich booty to be seized. In sunny places, in quiet nooks, betwixt windows, doors, and air-holes, they spin and spread out their delicate, artistic, and almost invisible nets, which are constructed according to the principles of the most consummate architecture. Like the Hungarian cap-knitter, the spider carries about with her the implements of her handicraft,—her spinning-wheel and material to spin. Each of her eight feet is the artificial work of the Creator, furnished with combs, brushes, hatchels, pins, and teeth-like bristles; her back serving as the hole-board, through the openings of which the threads are spun out; her own body being the turning wheel, by whose motions the many single threads are bound together into one. While the human ropemaker is obliged to carry his hemp in his apron before him, and to replenish it every now and then, the spider possesses a flax and hemp sack, within herself, that is inexhaustible.

And then what rope-master would be able to imitate the spider in eating up the rope he had made, and thus concealing it in himself when thought necessary? Proceeding as much by rule as the carpenter, who commences to erect a rafter by making the architrave, and concludes by nailing up the laths, or as the ship-builder, who first lays his keel, the spider in the first place stretches the principal supports by which her web is to be held up. But how does the spider, in erecting her web, manage to get from one door-post to the other, which is sometimes a distance of a yard or more, without any cross-beam to connect them? Is the little animal able to fly that distance, or does she leap down to the ground, with the thread slipping after her, and then run across and up the other post? But then how can she dare to strain so long a thread (which would be hanging to many an impediment by the way) by pulling it straight and tight again? Yet how nimbly, symmetrically and durably the spider knots the narrow meshes between the cross-bars of her net. How quickly, too, from the corner where she watches for her prey, does she perceive the least motion of that net, and rush upon the prisoner struggling to be free; and then, more dexterously than a jailer, fetter him with bands that he cannot break. However slender the threads of a spider's web are, they still are strong enough to endure the clambering of the largest garden spider without being torn. One single thread of it, which seems itself as fine as a hair, is composed of thirty threads twisted together.

That the spider is a very correct prophet of the weather is known to every one. Does a storm threaten, she proceeds like an experienced mariner, who at such times takes a reef in his sails in order to expose as little canvass to the storm as possible. The spider, for her part, loosens the principal bars of her net on two or three sides, so that it may fly in the wind, and thus be saved from total destruction. So bows the slender and feeble blade of grass before the wind that rushes over it, while the haughty and defiant oak is uprooted and dashed to the ground. When the bad weather is past, the spider has nothing quicker to do than to set her building in order again, and diligently repair every damage.

Surely the reader has observed the little carmine-red spider that goes wandering through the world upon her diminutive feet, hardly perceptible to the naked eye. The Creator has endowed it as richly as the great spider of Surinam, large as the palm of the hand. But perhaps all my readers do not know that the spider, like a lady, makes her toilet, her clothing, her linen, yea, even changes her stockings and shoes! She does so, as soon as her garments become too old or too tight. The spider has dresses such as no chamber waiting-maid ever possessed, associated with great effort, and to which shame and anguish would attach if observed once by the profane eyes of the gentlemen. These cast off garments are frequently seen hanging upon the walls, and are taken by many persons to be dried up or dead spiders.

The spider's last business consists in care for her offspring, whom she wraps, oval-shaped, in a warm spun sack, and entrusts to any quiet, safe corner, bit of board, or hole in a beam. This care is so far affectionate that the spider never takes any trouble to get a sight of her children again.

Similarly to the sounding of the pillar of Memnon when struck by the sun's first morning ray, the spider-sack begins to stir as soon as the warm sun of spring shines upon it. Then the first close-woven meshes are spread out farther and farther, and in the aerial texture the young spiders climb, sport, and chase each other about joyously, caring not for the next hour, much less for another day,—and yet they are not ruined.

One remark in conclusion. The renowned scholar, Leland, knew no daintier morsel than this same spider, so falsely decried as poisonous.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

GETTING ALONG. A book of Illustrations in two volumes. New York: J. C. Derby, 119 Nassau Street.

This is an ably written work, illustrating the importance of self-culture. The author is a close observer of human nature, and has written advice in a style that the reader cannot easily forget.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE. By J. B. JONES. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The characters in this work was uncommonly well portrayed, and many of the scenes described are well worthy the reputation of Dickens.

THE MONK. By M. G. LEWIS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This powerfully conceived story was written many years ago by a member of the British Parliament, and its popularity has bequeathed for the author the sobriquet, Monk Lewis.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is an historical romance, and fully equal to the author's other productions.

THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE, or, The Secret History of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is one of Dumas's most able productions. It is published in two volumes, and is having a large sale.

THE FORGED WILL. By EMERSON BENNETT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The location of this story is in the southwest, and portrays the peculiarities of frontier life with a master pen.

A QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY, and other tales in the South and West. Edited by WM. T. PORTER, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A book of two hundred pages that is good for at least one hearty laugh to each page.

SOL SMITH'S ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS and Theatrical Journey Work. In two volumes, and complete in itself. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The writings of Sol Smith, the veteran theatrical manager and showman, are so extensively known and universally admired, we need only say that these two books are well worthy the fame of the author.

YANKEE YARNS AND YANKEE LETTERS. By SAM SLICK. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This work is handsomely illustrated with original designs by Darley, and is crowded with the kind of humor peculiar to Judge Haliburton.

Men reckon the virtues of the heart worth nothing, but idolize the endowments of mind and body.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL BOUND.

We have the first seven volumes of the PICTORIAL, elegantly bound in cloth, and with gilt edges; forming superb and most attractive parlor ornaments in the shape of a series of books of 416 pages each, containing nearly 1000 engravings of men, manners and current events all over the world; of scenery in all parts of the globe; of famous cities and instructive subjects; with title-pages and indexes complete.

Besides the many illustrations, they embrace in their pages a vast amount of original tales, sketches, poems and novellettes from the best American authors, with a current news record of the times; altogether forming an exceedingly novel and elegant series for future reference and present enjoyment, both in regard to reading matter and illustrations.

They can be sent by express to any part of the country, on the receipt of the money.

For sale at our office, and at all the periodical depots throughout the Union, at $3 per volume.

M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston, Mass.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of the paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4 00.

☞ Travelling agents are not employed on this paper.

☞ The PICTORIAL may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at six cents per single copy.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

W. FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York.
A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. BAGLEY, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis.
MELLEN & Co., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
SAMUEL RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DEAD.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

The dead, the bright, the beautiful dead,
Who sleep in their early bloom,
Ere a wrinkle had formed on the brow of care,
Or a gray hair told its doom.

The loved of many a heart were they—
The pride of many a home,
As they walked the earth with stately steps,
And spake of the years to come.

Perchance it was a sudden stroke
That turned their steps aside;
That called them from the stirring scenes
Of manhood's rising pride.

Was the maiden hurled from the giddy dance,
Where mirth and beauty reigned?
Down to the depths of the silent tomb,
Were those whirling measures trained?

Did this at wild Ambition's shrine
Its worship all bestow?
Or did the heart aspiring rise—
Eternal joys to know?

No answer comes from out the tomb,
No warning voice replies;
For deeper than the ocean depths,
Each hidden secret lies.

And shall we all unheeding gaze,
Then turn to other scenes,
And leave the dead forgotten thus,
To their mysterious dreams?

Nay, mortal, turn, reflect and pause,
A few short years at most,
And you shall tread the secret line
Of that engulfing coast.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MAG DUFRIES:

—OR,—

THE LOST CHILD.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

It was a wretchedly cold and dismal night in December, as an officer of the Parisian police was hurrying along homeward, after his day's duty. The clock above St. Martin struck nine, and the sleet was blowing rudely across the pavement, as the man was crossing a narrow street that led to the westward, when the figure of a poorly dressed woman, apparently, though tall and masculine for a female, suddenly stepped in his way, from around the bleak corner he was passing.

"Berton!" she shouted, "is it not Berton?"

"Yes, what now? Quick—for this is too bad a night to stand talking in the wind, here. Who are you? What is it?"

"Here—look here," said the crone, stepping beneath the lamp.

"I can't read any papers to-night," said Berton. "God bless us! how do you suppose a man can see anything in the midst of this snow-storm, by gas-light?"

But the woman clung to his coat-cape, and said, "See! you can read this—*this?*" and Berton saw by the light above them that the miserable old woman held in her withered fingers a placard, offering a reward of one hundred louis' for the arrest of one Silbet, a noted house-breaker who had served three terms at *La Force*, and who was supposed to be the scoundrel who had lately attacked the carriage of a noble marquis of the realm, and secured his repeater, a casket of jewels, and a large amount of ready money he had in his vehicle.

"Well, what of that? I have seen it a dozen times to-day. Go home," said the officer, "and don't stand here, begging and freezing."

"*Home!*" said the hag, "ha, ha! I don't beg, though, Berton, do you mind. I haven't come to that, yet. Wouldn't the nabbing of this Silbet please you? And wouldn't a hundred Napoleons be a good night's work for a deputy, eh?" continued the woman.

"Well, and what of it?" asked the officer.

"I know where he is," said the old woman, in a low whisper; "that's all."

"And have you got so bad as this, Mag? The associate of robbers and house-breakers!"

"Never mind—you don't want the reward, and the credit of taking Silbet—good night." And the crone turned away. But Berton hailed her, as the thought struck him that good might come of this, though he knew the woman to be an erratic and questionable character.

"Come, then, Mag," he said, "if you're not lying to me, and really mean to help serve the demands of justice, tell me where Silbet is; and *you* shall have the reward, if he is secured and caged through the information you can give. But hasten, for it's too cold to stand here, speculating."

"This way, then," replied Mag; and she turned down the narrow, dark street beyond, from whence she had so suddenly emerged as the officer encountered her.

Mag led the way, and Berton followed closely on, securing his pistols as he went. They travelled half a mile, nearly, through lane after lane, until they came to a black and dingy court, at the extreme part of the faubourg of St. Germain. Into this suspicious passage Mag was just about turning, when the officer (who was not unacquainted with the region he was in, generally,) halted, and said to his doubtful conductor:

"No, Mag, not there! Not in that den, alone with you, only. I wont risk it."

"I thought you were a brave man, Berton!" exclaimed the crone. "You have the credit of it. Are you afraid?"

"Not there, I say, Mag."

"Then you wont find your bird, that's all."

"So be it, then. I will come here to-morrow, with aid, and you shall have the reward, if you place no impediment in the—"

At this moment a stealthy footstep was heard in the dark, low passage where they were standing, and Berton instantly grasped and cocked his pistol—but it was too late! A harsh blow upon his head instantly followed, and the officer fell heavily to the pavement, as two stout men seized him, and a third caught the arms of Mag Dufries, his conductor, making them both prisoners, without the uttering of a single syllable aloud.

The officer and his would be informant were very unceremoniously dragged back into an old building, entirely in the rear of the court, and while Mag was taken into the room upon the ground floor, the insensible body of Berton was carried up a rickety flight of stairs, and thrown rudely in upon the floor of the apartment.

"Did it settle him?" asked one of the two parties who had assailed him.

"No, no," replied the other. "No harm's done; but he's a little *sleepy* just now," he continued, alluding to his victim's continued unconsciousness. "It's a little cold here, and he's been hard at work to-day, very likely. Now—the gag;" and forcing this firmly into Berton's mouth, they pinioned his arms and legs, and sat him up in the corner of the room, as he was coming slowly to consciousness.

For a moment or two after the thus crippled deputy of the *Procureur du Roi* had first opened his eyes, a sense of acute pains in the back of his head and shoulders brought to his imperfect recollection the scene in which he had voluntarily been engaged at the moment of the attack. He remembered the hag who had led him into this mischief, and he now saw how foolishly he had confided in her for the moment, for he wrongfully believed that it was through Mag's instrumentality that he now found himself,—he knew not exactly where,—but bound hand and foot, gagged, and utterly helpless. His weapons had been taken from him, a small low lamp was burning in the room where he lay, and he was entirely alone for a time.

Though he could make nothing of the confusion, yet he soon heard loud talking and swearing in the apartment beneath him. It was caused by the three ruffians who had Mag Dufries in charge, and who had suspected her of peaching.

"How came Berton here, then, you miserable hound?" queried the foremost of the rough trio. "If you hadn't led the way, how would he have known that any one was here? Tell us that."

Mag protested her innocence, stoutly. She declared that she was going to her lodging-house, and met Berton, near by. He spoke with her, bade her go home, and wandered along by her until they reached the passage where they were found. She was just framing some excuse or plan to get rid of him, when they came up and attacked him; and if they had secured him safely, for the time being, she was glad of it. The villains rather liked Mag's tone, and thought she was all right once more, after a little parleying. They left her below stairs, and went up to see how their prisoner was getting along. When they entered the room where Berton lay, they observed at once that he had recovered his senses again.

The foremost of this brace of scoundrels was Robert Silbet, himself. Berton knew him instantly, but he could not speak, on account of the gag that filled his mouth. Silbet advanced towards the prostrate officer, and hailed him, insolently.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur Berton!*" he said. "Do you remember me? I think you do, monsieur. When we last met, you helped to place the ruffles on these wrists. If I remember rightly, I promised you then that we should one day be even. Why don't you speak?" continued the ruffian, knowing as he did that Berton was foully gagged, and was totally helpless. "Come, man, you are not wont to be thus bashful," he added, kicking the prostrate officer with the heavy riding-boot he wore. "You will have small leisure now for reflection. Your game is up. Make your peace with those you will, for when you go out of this place, you'll be carried out."

Then, drawing forth a superb gold repeater from his vest, which Berton at a glance believed to be the property of the recently robbed marquis, Silbet continued:

"It is now eleven o'clock, monsieur. We have resolved that you shall never see another sun rise. You are by far too troublesome to our profession, and are much too well acquainted with the details of our business. We will settle with you, permanently, anon." And with this threat, the scoundrels once more left Berton to himself.

Upon reaching the room below, Silbet hailed the old crone who had led Berton into this peril, to whom he said, "Go up there, and see to him. No—bring us some wine first. Now go up and see that he doesn't talk too loud. We'll look to his case, by-and-by. And mind you, Mag Dufries, no deceit, no treachery, or you know the consequences." And he cocked a heavy pistol, as he thus concluded. Laying the formidable weapon on the table before her, he said again, "Go, and see to him."

As soon as Mag had reached the room where Berton was confined, she raised her long finger, and closing the door said to the sufferer:

"—'sh, Berton! I'm sorry for the blows you got. I supposed he was alone. His accomplices are here, and two of them are full of wine, already. They'll soon be in their cups. You wont be harmed, I think. They want to escape, that's all. You'll be left here, and all will come out right. Does it hurt you?" she asked, observing Berton's motions to her to relieve his mouth of the gag.

"I can't take it out. I dare not, yet. They'd murder me, if I did."

"More wine here, Mag!" shouted Silbet, at the entry-door of his room. "More wine, you hound!" and Mag descended to obey his order, bringing up half a dozen bottles of stout old Madeira.

"How's your friend Berton?" queried the robber, as she entered with the liquor.

"Nearer dead than alive," she replied. "He'll trouble us no further, I venture."

"We don't mean he shall. But look to him, and see that he doesn't get his fetters off. These fellows have a happy way of helping themselves out of trouble, commonly, and will bear looking after. Go—watch him;" and as Mag left the room, the half-drunken trio turned again to their cups.

When Mag came back again, she instantly, but noiselessly, secured the door upon the inside, and advancing to Berton, quickly wrenched the gag from his jaws—a performance that greatly relieved him.

"Now," she said, "you may escape, if you dare to venture it. Alone, here, you see you can do nothing, and I wouldn't answer for Silbet, when he gets another bottle or two in his skin;" and while she spoke, she unfastened the strong cords that bound the officer's hands and arms and feet, releasing him, at last, entirely from confinement in his limbs.

"I do this to convince you that I am now acting with you in good faith. I shall get away from them the best way I can. They'll swear and rave, but they wont harm me, I think. So hasten! Raise this window carefully, secure these cords together strongly. Fifteen feet below there is an old shed, directly beneath the casement. Let yourself down by the cords here, and fly, or procure aid and take them, while they are too soggy to defend themselves. They wont hurt Mag Humphries."

"Mag *Humphries!*" exclaimed the officer, as he busied himself with knotting the cords hastily together, "Who is Mag Humphries?"

"Never mind,—I mean Mag *Dufries*," added the old woman, as if she had momentarily forgotten herself.

"Is this an *alias* of yours, then?" said Berton, at once suspecting her.

"*N'importe*, Berton. Hasten you! Hear them yell below. The wine is working,—look to yourself, and don't mind me."

"But if you are Margaret Humphries, I want to know it. Did you ever have a daughter—a child, by this name, Mag?"

"Quick—quick—Berton! They're coming."

"I go—I go. But say, had you such a daughter?"

"Yes—but she's dead, long years ago. Never mind me—hasten, or you'll be caught again."

"If you get out of this den alive, Mag," said Berton,—"and I will instantly return here with succor, if I get off—let me see you, immediately. Your child is *not* dead! I know her. Come to me—find me—and I will show her to you!" and with these words, as the three intoxicated robbers mounted the old stair-case, Berton darted over the window-sill, and having previously secured the ropes to the casing, he touched the roof of the shed in safety, while Mag fell heavily back upon the floor, senseless from the shock occasioned by this suddenly acquired information regarding her supposed dead child.

Silbet advanced to the door of the room where he supposed the officer to be safely secured, and finding the door locked upon the inside, he commenced thundering away at the panels, in right good earnest.

"Open the door!" he shouted. "Open, Mag Dufries, or I'll cure you of your tricks. What are you doing, you she wolf!" he cried, suddenly suspecting that something had gone wrong.

"How the wind howls," said one of the men.

"Where does it come from?" asked another.

"The window, inside here," suggested the third.

"They have escaped!" muttered the first speaker.

"Not quite, I'll be bound. He was too strongly tied for that," said Silbet.

"Both of 'em," added his companion.

"Down with the door—down with it!" shouted the chief robber, who could get no answer, and who now feared that it was too true. And three minutes afterwards, the old door was battered off its hinges.

The three ruffians sprang into the room, but all was darkness, and the wind and sleet were driving furiously in at the open window.

"A light, Louis," yelled Silbet; "bring a light! They've gone!" and as he stepped forware, he stumbled headlong against the hard wall, over the prostrate body of Mag Dufries, who had fallen in a fit a few minutes previously, and who had not yet recovered from the shock.

Silbet rose again, stepped to the corner of the room where he had left the police officer, whom he so greatly feared when that man was at liberty, and saw that he had got away!

"He's gone—gone!" muttered the robber, as the lantern was brought. "Close the window, Louis. Yes, he's gone, and has murdered or strangled old Mag, here; take her up—take her up!"

Such was the impression of the whole trio, who now believed that the artful official had by some means contrived to extricate himself from the cords with which he had been bound, and had fastened the door, choked the old woman, and by means of the ropes had lowered himself from the chamber and fled.

In a moment longer, Silbet, who was not so deeply in his cups as the rest, began to think of the results of this night's work, and he naturally supposed that the police officer, who had been so roughly handled there, and who had made good his escape, would not be absent long, the more especially as a hundred louis' reward had been offered for his arrest. He said to himself, "we must leave this place, instanter, or we are caged for the present;" and he went about the execution of a precipitate retreat from the old house, forthwith.

This determination on the part of Silbet was a very laudable one, and if he had been immediately seconded in his views by his confederates, it would have been very well for him and them. But they had imbibed too much to be controlled easily; and, while they were looking after the old woman's case, who had come to consciousness again, the dilapidated and ancient resort of these thieves and villains was surrounded by a corps of *gens d' armes*, whom Berton had gathered at the two nearest station-houses, after his escape, and the retreat of Silbet and his two companions was effectually cut off.

Berton knew very well that the customers he had now to deal with would submit to no child's play, and he resolved to enter into no parley with them. Without hesitation, therefore, he instantly directed the front door to be battered down, and the first intimation that the robbers had of the presence of the military and police force, was the thundering of the men below stairs.

"There they are!" shouted Silbet. "Now look to yourselves, boys. It's just as I supposed it would be. We're trapped, certain, and must fight our way out. Come on!"

They descended the stairs half way, and a score of bristling bayonets greeted them there. They hurried back, and darted to the rear window, through which Berton had retreated, but as many more gens d' armes were ready to receive them, on the roof and around the shed below. They were pressed upon by the advancing guard, and nothing but a desperate *coup de main* could save them. They rushed forward, and in another moment, all three of the wretches were disabled and effectually secured by the overpowering numbers of the station-guard. Berton once more placed the iron "ruffles" upon Silbet's sturdy wrists, and the guilty trio were borne away in safety to the nearest prison.

Berton had caught the noted house-breaker and thief, and he had well earned his reward and the credit that attached to his enterprise; but he did not forget the poor woman who had aided him in the undertaking. He directed that she should be provided for during the night, and next day he communicated with her once more, in regard to her child.

As soon as she informed him that her real name was Margaret Humphries, he despatched an agent with directions to one Mathes—a linen-draper in Paris—in whose service there was an orphan girl, whose name was the same, and whose story he happened to know. This girl was now seventeen years old. She had been enticed away from her mother when she was only eight years of age, and had been out at service most of the time since. Her history was commonly known in the faubourg where she dwelt, and she supposed that her parents were both dead. She remembered when and how she had been taken from her mother's house, in a distant part of the city, but as she found herself afterwards more comfortably situated where she sojourned than she had ever been at home, she continued to remain in service, and never would have known of her parent's wretchedness, but for the incident that occurred, in which she had been involved, and which we have already described.

After the loss of her child, Margaret—or *Mag*, as she was called—became sick, and, for three or four years, had been a burthen to herself and her neighbors. She got pretty low at last, changed her name to Dufries, and became the companion of thieves and robbers, to keep her from starvation. She met with Berton, as we have seen,—he hinted what he did to her, when she carelessly pronounced her own proper name, and now he resolved to pay over into her hands the hundred louis d'ors that came into his possession as the reward for Silbet's arrest, and to reunite the mother and child, in the hope that they would thus be enabled to retire to some town in the interior, and with this handsome amount of money begin life anew and respectably again.

In this effort he was entirely successful. The girl was brought, and her mother instantly recognized her stolen daughter. In the meantime, Berton had caused the old woman to be placed in good hands, and she was decently dressed when her more ambitious child first met her. The plan that the officer had arranged was fully carried out, and when young Margaret was informed that so handsome a sum would be placed at her mother's disposal, and had the opportunity to listen to the advice that Berton gave with the money, she was greatly pleased, and agreed forthwith to accompany her newly found parent out of the town. They afterwards settled down at Vigny, a few miles distant from Paris, and became respectable and respected in the neighborhood, where, with their little store of gold, they set up a small shop, and thenceforward continued to earn a livelihood.

Silbet was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the galleys for life, very soon after his arrest. One of his accomplices turned evidence for the king, and most of the property lost by the marquis was recovered, subsequently, through this instrumentality. The other knave was hurt in the conflict that attended the arrest, and died of a bayonet-wound, received in his attempt to force his way out of the house by the guard.

Berton added new laurels to his fame as a police agent, and soon after this adventure was promoted for his bravery and success in taking the cunning and desperate rogue who had so long been a scourge to the city and neighborhood. He was somewhat bruised and lamed after his fearful night's work, but this kind of thing was a part of his profession, and he expected rough treatment at times.

But he found a far greater satisfaction in reflecting that he had saved poor Margaret Humphries (alias *Dufries*) from destruction, and at the same time had rendered her and her lost child happy and comfortable in life afterwards. Old "Mag" lived to bless the cold night upon which she so mysteriously met with Berton, and her daughter finally married a thrifty mechanic of Vigny, and they lived happily amid their continuous good fortune for many long years thereafter.

WOMEN IN TURKEY.

A man meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her. They seem to detest an impudent woman—to shun and avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians, who may have discussions or altercations with the Turks, if he has a woman of spirit or a virago for his wife, sets her to revile and brow-beat them, and by these means not unfrequently gains his point. The highest disgrace and shame would attend a Turk who should rashly lift his hand against a woman; all he can venture to do is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex lay such stress on this privilege, that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess, to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on the bench, or even the vizier at his divan. The officers of justice do not know how to resent their turbulence; and it is a general observation, that to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause.—*Sir George Larpent's Turkey.*

Jester's Picnic.

A very green sprig from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of "brogans." After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order.

"And what will yer ax to make a good pair iv 'em?" was the query.

The price was named; the Irishman demurred, but, after a "bating down," the thing was a trade. Paddy was about leaving the shop, when the other called after him, asking, "But what size shall I make them, sir?"

"Och," cried Paddy, "niver mind about the size, at all—make them as large as ye conveniently can for the money."

"Don't you see that notice there?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamboat to a man who had a "long nine" in his mouth, and three similar cigars in his left hand; "don't you see that writin', or can't you read writin'? 'No gentleman permitted to smoke on the after deck.'"

"God bless you, I'm not a 'gentleman;' but the way I like to smoke is a caution. Got used to it, cap'n, years and years ago. Take one, cap'n?"

But "the rule must be enforced," and the smoker walked "forward," where he could enjoy his "weed" unmolested.

A friend, says the Spirit of the Times, has furnished us with the following copy of a sign over the door of a respectable looking house near Chichester, England: "HER LIFS I OO QUERS A GOOS."

Any joker that can translate the above, at one reading, can "take our hat!" We have frequently published "the march of the schoolmaster," but recollect nothing equal to this. Now if you desire to have some fun, just "turn down the leaf," and ask a friend to translate it. We subjoin it: "HERE LIVES ONE WHO CURES AGUES."

A genius whose fortune it is to scissorise for a four-by nine small-pica country hebdomadal, excuses himself after the following fashion for not having his usual three and a half line leader:

"A wailing babe of seventeen months old; a dog howling under the window; a cat in the alley; a colored serenade to the shanty over the way; a tooth-ache, and a pig trying to get in at the back door, has prevented us from paying the usual attention to our editorial columns, for which twenty-three non-paying subscribers admire us."

One of our provincial subscribers, who has come up to town for a few weeks, writes to ask us whether the epithets "brute," "sot," "swindler," "skintlint," with which his landlady—who had evidently been "indulging" somewhat too much—greeted him the other evening, because he had locked up his tea and sugar in the morning—and the cellaret—can be included in the "moderate terms" on which she professes to let her apartments?—*Diogenes.*

An eccentric correspondent wishes to be informed whether Lancaster, the inventor of the modern gun, is descended from his namesake, the celebrated promoter of national education. The ingenious inquirer founds his observation on the fact of one having directed the aims of youth, and the other teaching the young idea how to shoot.

"Ah, John, you wont have me much longer. I shall never leave this bed alive."

"Please thyself, Betty, and thee will please me," returned John, with equal equanimity.

"I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman.

"Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter of fact husband.

"John, what do you mean by getting the clothes all off from George Washington? Don't you do that again."

(George W. wakes up.)—"Ma, John Wesley keeps a kicking me."

"John Wesley, you go to sleep, and don't you kick George Washington any more. Now be good boys, and go sleepin'."

Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward and picked it up, and returned it to him.

"Thank you, captain," said the emperor.

"In what regiment, sire?" retorted the lieutenant, as quickly as possible.

Napoleon smiled, and passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted.

One evening when the House of Commons were going to adjourn, John Wilkes begged permission to make a speech, "For," said he, "I have sent a copy to the Public Advertiser, and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without having been delivered."

The question is often asked, what is the proper age to be married? Adam took Eve to his bosom before he was a year old, and Old Parr married at the age of 120; we conclude, therefore, that anywhere between these two points will answer.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The Flag is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of The Flag of our Union, and one copy of Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together by one person, $4 00 per annum.

*** Travelling agents are not employed on this paper.

☞ *The Flag can be obtained at any of the newspaper depots in the United States, and of newspaper carriers, at five cents per single copy. Published every Saturday, by*

M. M. BALLOU,

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York.
A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis.
Mellen & Co., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.